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# Come Day Soon



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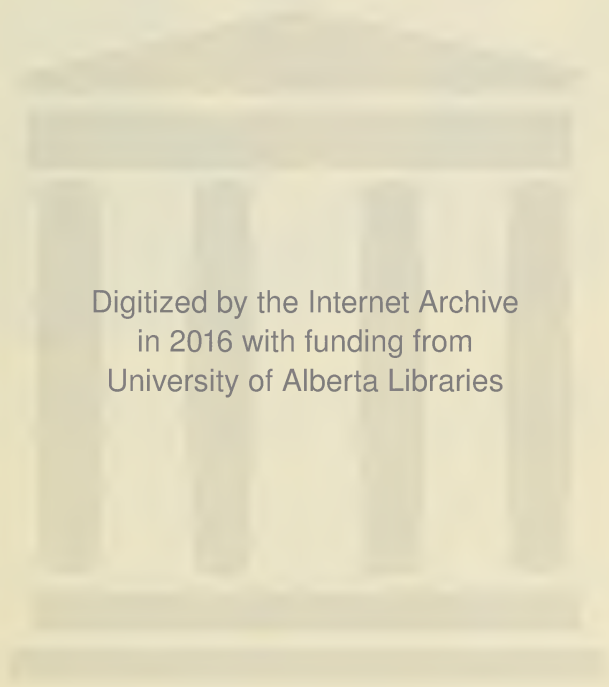
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# Someday Soon

A STUDY OF A COMMUNITY  
AND ITS WORKERS

by PAUL R. HANNA and GENEVIEVE ANDERSON HOYT  
WILLIAM S. GRAY, *Reading Director*

*Illustrated by Frances Foy and Clotilde Embree Funk*

THE SOCIAL STUDIES PROGRAM  
CURRICULUM FOUNDATION SERIES  
A REVISION OF SUSAN'S NEIGHBORS

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# Stories

## NO MORE SCHOOL

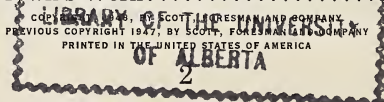
Someday Soon .....	6
<i>Work Page: The Shoe Store</i> .....	12

## FIREMEN ARE NEEDED

Workers Who Protect Us .....	14
Fix It, Mr. Wells.....	16
A Watch in the Night.....	23
The Fire.....	28
Tom Takes a Turn.....	35
Joe, the Cook.....	39
<i>Work Pages: More about Fires</i> .....	43
A Fire on a Farm.....	46
<i>Work Page: Police Protect Us, Too</i> .....	49
Johnny and the Police.....	50
<i>Work Pages: Other Workers Who Protect Us</i> ...	53

## FOOD FOR EVERYONE

Workers Who Produce Our Food.....	56
Bigger and Better.....	58
So Much and No More.....	62
Mr. Brown's Work.....	68



Every Ten Minutes.....	69
An Oven as Big as a House.....	72
Bakery to Store to Home.....	76
<i>Work Pages:</i> Another Kind of Bakery.....	80
Another Kind of Food.....	81
Cherries to Can.....	82
<i>Work Pages:</i> Cooking in Cans.....	84

## GOING PLACES

Workers Who Help Us Travel.....	88
Trains.....	90
Signals.....	98
On Time.....	103
A Long Trip.....	107
<i>Work Pages:</i> More about Trains.....	115
New Friends.....	119
There at Last.....	123
Going Home.....	132
<i>Work Pages:</i> All over the Plane.....	136
In the Air.....	138
By Bus and by Taxi.....	144

## FROM ONE TO ANOTHER

<i>Work Pages:</i> Workers Who Send Our Messages..	148
I Dare You.....	150
Knowing How.....	156
<i>Work Pages:</i> Central.....	163
Your Newspaper.....	166
A Radio Station.....	168
A Letter to Ring.....	169
Off to Greenfield.....	172
The Picture Comes.....	181
The Mailman Goes Home.....	191

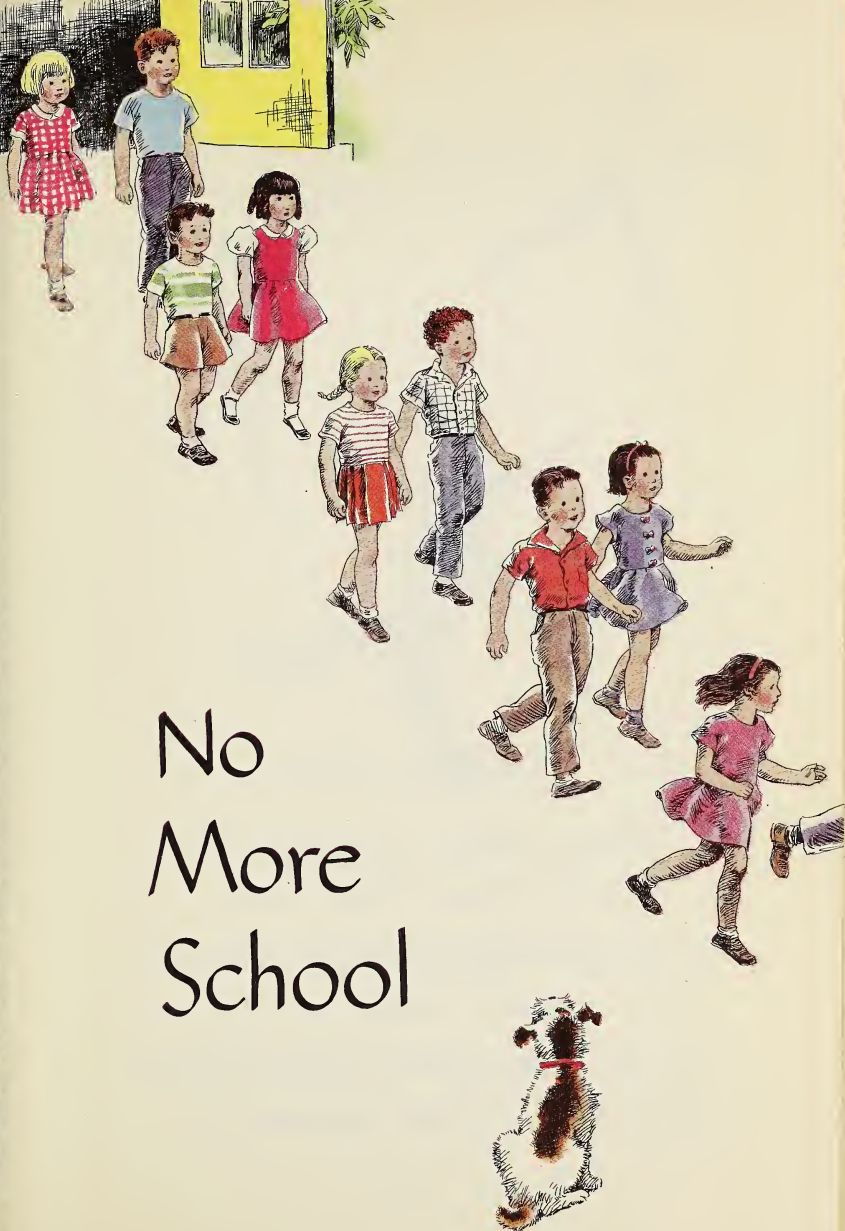
## FUN FOR EVERYONE

Workers Who Help Us Play . . . . .	198
Rich as the Pringles . . . . .	200
What Is a Tax? . . . . .	207
<i>Work Pages</i> : More about Taxes . . . . .	212
Fun at the Library . . . . .	214
<i>Work Pages</i> : Books for Everyone . . . . .	221
Fun at the Playground . . . . .	224
Making a Neighborhood . . . . .	226

## NOT TOO SOON

Workers Who Are Learning . . . . .	232
Back to School . . . . .	237

# No More School





## Someday Soon

Summer time! Vacation time!  
Vacation time! Fun time!  
School is fun, but so is vacation  
when summer comes.

Tom White and his sister, Susan,  
and all the children thought so.

“Hoo-ee-ee!” called Tom.

“I like vacation time. Now I can play all day.”



Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow! went Tom's little dog, Jip.

Jip didn't know it was vacation time, but he was happy when Tom was happy.



Tom's friend, David, was going home to the farm in the school bus.

"I wish you lived here in the city," Tom said to him. "You and I would have all kinds of fun this summer.

Don't you wish you lived in the city?"

"Oh, no," David said. "My father could not have a farm in the city."

"Your father could do other work,"  
Tom said. "There are all kinds of work  
in a city."

"Not for my father," David said.

"He likes farming, and so do I.

When I am big, I am going to have  
a farm."

"Not very soon," Tom laughed.

"Sooner than you think," David called  
as the bus began to move.

"My father said so."





Tom went home, and then he began to think. He thought about what David had said to him.

Someday David would have a farm.

He would be a worker like his father.

Someday Tom and David and all their friends would be workers of some kind.

Someday soon.

That night Tom said to his father,  
"Do I have to work in your store when  
I am big?"

"No," said his father, "not if you  
don't want to. There are all kinds  
of work to do in a city. What do you  
think you want to do?"

"I want to be a fireman," Tom said.

"Oh," laughed Mother, "every boy  
thinks that. Not every boy can be  
a fireman. We need other kinds  
of work in a city, too."

"I want to be a fireman," Tom said.  
"And someday I am going to be one.  
Someday soon."

"Not very soon," said Susan.

"Sooner than you think," said Father.

"Oh, not too soon," said Mother.



## The Shoe Store

This is Tom's father, Mr. White.

He is at work in his shoe store.

Where does your mother buy shoes  
for you and your family?

Tell why you think shoe stores  
are needed.

What work does your father do?

Tell why the work is needed.

# Firemen Are Needed

---

WORKERS WHO PROTECT US



## Workers Who Protect Us

Tom's mother was right.

Many, many workers are needed  
in a city.

Firemen are workers who are needed  
to protect the city from fire.

If your home is in a city, there is  
a fire station in your neighborhood.

Do you know where it is?

Do you know any firemen?

Would you like to be a fireman?

Maybe your next-door neighbor is a fireman, or maybe a fireman lives down the street from your house.

Maybe your father is a fireman.

Yes! Maybe he is!

A fireman lived next door to Susan and Tom. His name was Mr. Wells.

One day soon after Mr. Wells moved into the neighborhood, he saw Peter playing with an old toy horse.

"Peter," he said, "that's a fine horse you have, but it needs a new tail.

Let me take it to the fire station, and I will put a tail on it."

The next day he gave the horse back. It was painted and had a fine black tail.

Read the next story and find out why firemen have time to do things like that.



## Fix It, Mr. Wells

One night Peter had another toy that needed fixing.

"Wells, come out," he called.

"Wells, fix. Fix, Wells."

But Mr. Wells did not come out.

Mr. Wells was not at home.

All the other men in the neighborhood were home from work. Peter's father was reading his paper. Jack's father was playing ball with Jack and Tom.

All up and down the street the fathers were reading or working in the yards or just talking.

"Wells! Wells!" Peter called.

Mr. Wells did not come out, but at last Mrs. Wells came to the door.

"Mr. Wells is working," she said.

"He is?" asked Peter. "Didn't Wells have any dinner?"

"Oh, yes, Peter," Mrs. Wells said.

"He ate his dinner at the fire station, and he will sleep there, too.

Ask Tom to take you to the station. Mr. Wells will fix your toy there."

There was nothing Tom liked so well as to go to the fire station.

"Come on, Peter," he said. "We will find Mr. Wells."

"Wait for me," Susan called.

And Jack called from his yard,  
"Wait for me. I am coming, too."

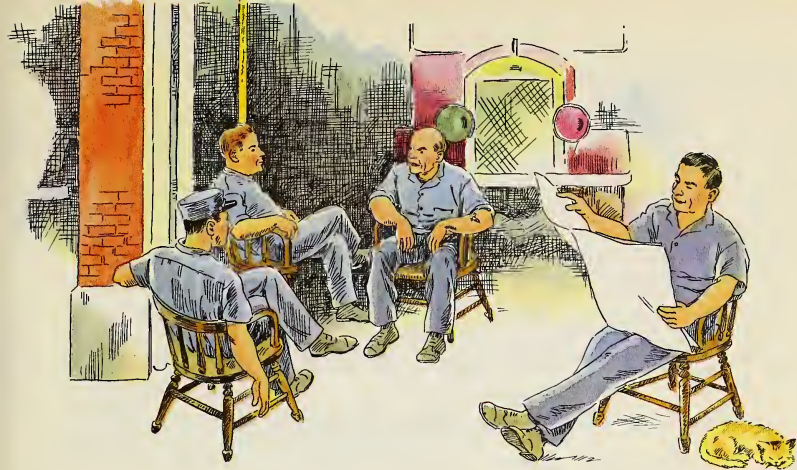
Then Nancy and Ellen saw them.

"Where are you going?" they called.

"To the fire station," sang Peter,  
"to the fire station to see Mr. Wells."

"Wait, wait! We are coming, too,"  
called Nancy and Ellen.





The big doors of the fire station were open. There sat Mr. Wells and three other firemen, having a rest.

"Why can't Mr. Wells go home now?" Susan thought. "He is not working."

Mr. Wells was working. A fireman works when he just waits and reads his paper, but Susan didn't know that.

"Wells, fix," called Peter.

"I should say I will," said Mr. Wells when he saw Peter's toy.

"Come on in," he called to the others.

"Mr. Wells!" Tom called when he saw the big red fire engine. "May we get up on the fire engine?"

"If you want to," Mr. Wells said.

And the next minute there were children in it, and on it, and all over it.

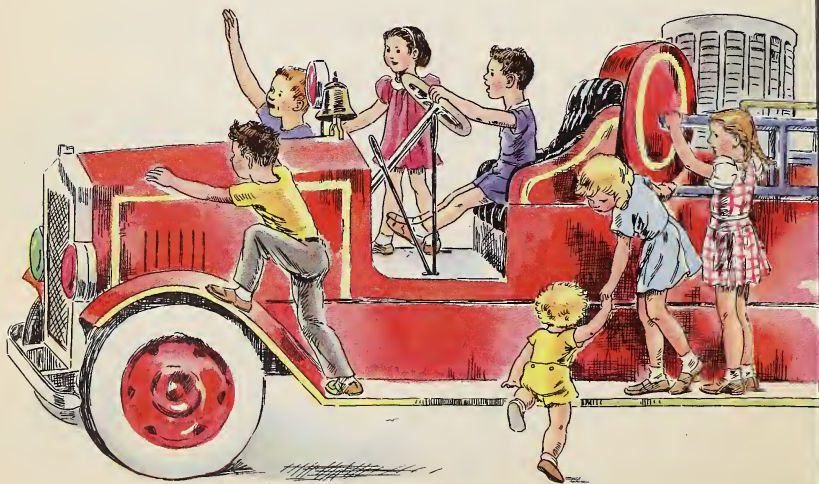
"Watch me!" Jack called.

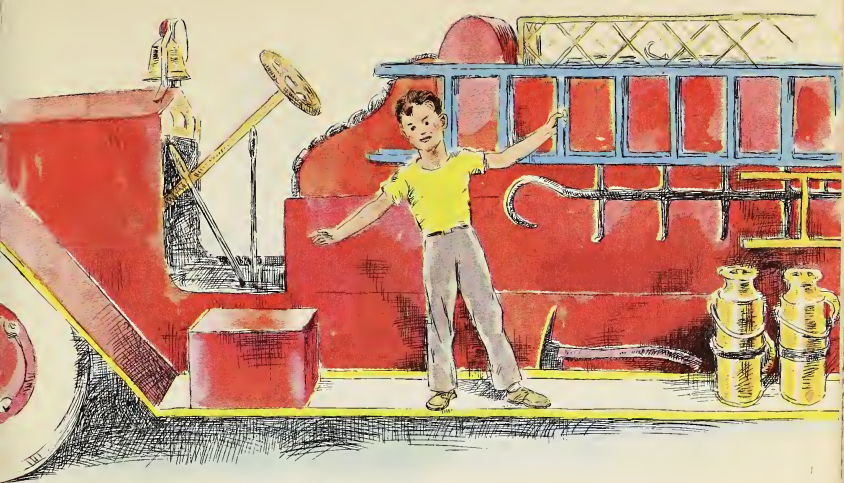
"Ee-ow-ee-ow-ee-ow!"

Here we go! Here we go to the fire!

Get out of our way!

Ee-ow-ee-ow-ee-ow!"





Then Tom jumped onto the big truck where the hooks and ladders were.

"See the hooks and ladders," he called.

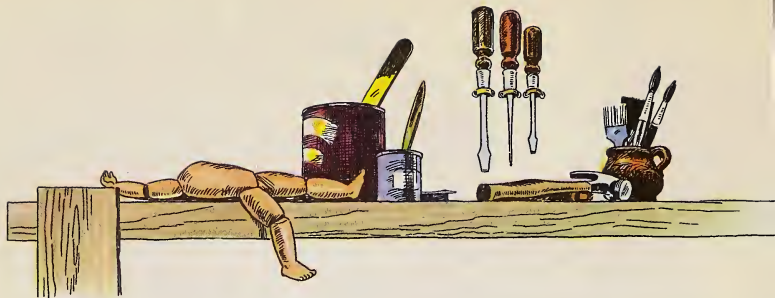
"I wish I could ride to a fire on this hook-and-ladder truck.

Will there be a fire soon?

Oh, Mr. Wells, do you think there will be a fire soon?"

"No one knows," said Mr. Wells.

"That's why we firemen must be here to wait and to watch."



"That is why we have time to fix children's toys," another fireman said. "I am fixing a doll right now."

"I guess lots of children are glad that firemen can fix toys," Ellen said.

"But Father can fix all of my toys. I am glad that he is not a fireman. He can come home every night."

"Some people have to be firemen," Tom said. "Firemen are needed."

Then the children all said good-by to the firemen and went home to bed. But the firemen stayed at the station to watch and wait.

## A Watch in the Night

Night and day, night and day, someone is always on watch at a fire station.

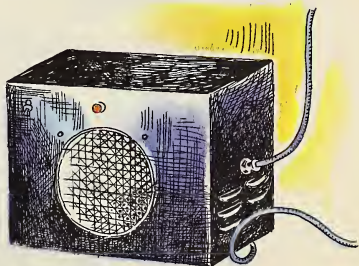
Now it was Mr. Wells' turn to watch, and so the other firemen went to bed.

Then Mr. Wells sat down to fix Peter's toy.

If there was a fire that night, he would know it in one of two ways.

Someone from Central Fire Station would call him over the telephone and tell him, or he would hear about it over the radio.

Every fire station in the city had a radio just like this one.

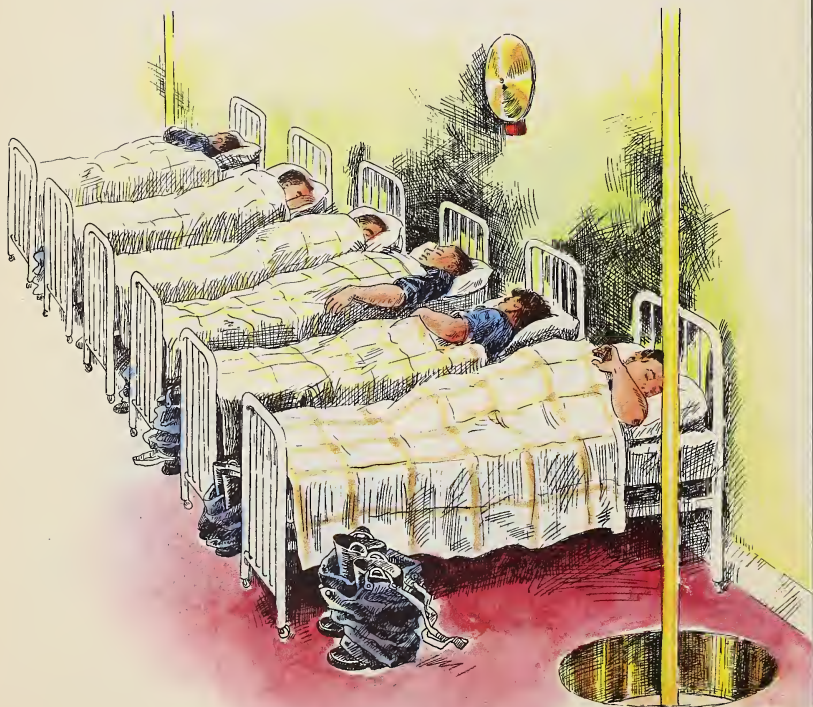


Would there be a fire that night?

No one could tell, so everything  
and everyone had to be ready.

Time counts when there is a fire.

When the other firemen went to bed,  
they fixed their clothes so they could  
jump into them right away.



The firemen's beds were in a room over the fire engines. Stairs went up to the room, but when there was a fire, that was not the way the men went down.

The stairs were too slow then, and time counts when there is a fire.

When there was a fire, the men went down this way.

They went as fast as they could slide, one man right after another.

One second they were upstairs in their beds, and the next second they were downstairs.



It was very still in the station, but Mr. Wells was too busy to get sleepy.

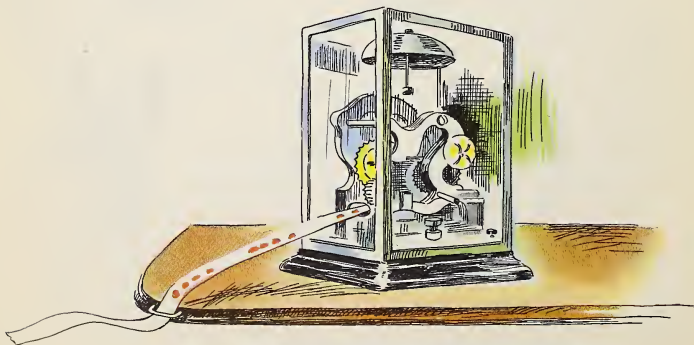
After he fixed Peter's toy, he began to paint a wagon for another boy.

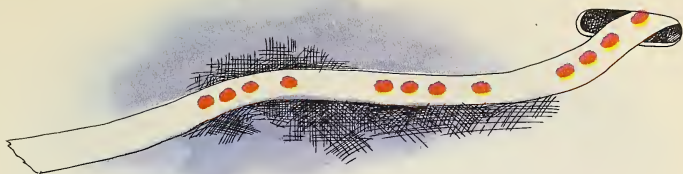
All at once a man at Central Station began to talk over the radio.

A fire! There was a fire somewhere!

Mr. Wells was not painting now, for he had to hear just where that fire was.

He went to look at a little machine that was under the radio. White paper with red spots on it was coming out of the machine.





Mr. Wells counted the red spots.

Three spots, then one more.

A 3 and a 1 was 31. Yes, that was what the radio had said.

The fire was in the neighborhood of Station 31.

Mr. Wells' station was 24. So the men upstairs went on sleeping.

The firemen from Station 31 would put out that fire.

Mr. Wells went back to his painting.

Maybe there would be a fire that night, and maybe there wouldn't.

Mr. Wells watched anyway. Someone is always on watch at a fire station.



## The Fire

That very night there was a fire  
at the Whites' house.

Tom and his family were sleeping,  
and Jip was sleeping in the dog house.  
But something was the matter, and  
Jip knew it.

Dogs can sleep and watch, too.

Out he ran.

Bow-wow-wow, he went.

Bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!





No one could sleep.

"Jip, stop that noise!" Father called.

"Jip, stop that . . . ."

Then Father saw why Jip was making so much noise.

The house was on fire!

"Good Jip," he called.

"Mother, get the children downstairs and out of the house right away.

The house is on fire. Move fast!"

He ran to the telephone. There was no time to be lost.

Down the stairs and outdoors went Mother and the children.

"Father!" Susan called. "Come out! Oh, why doesn't he come out?"

"Sh-sh," Mother said. "He stayed to telephone the fire station."

"Are the firemen on the way here?" called the neighbors.

"Father is calling them now," Tom said.

"Oh, why don't they hurry?"

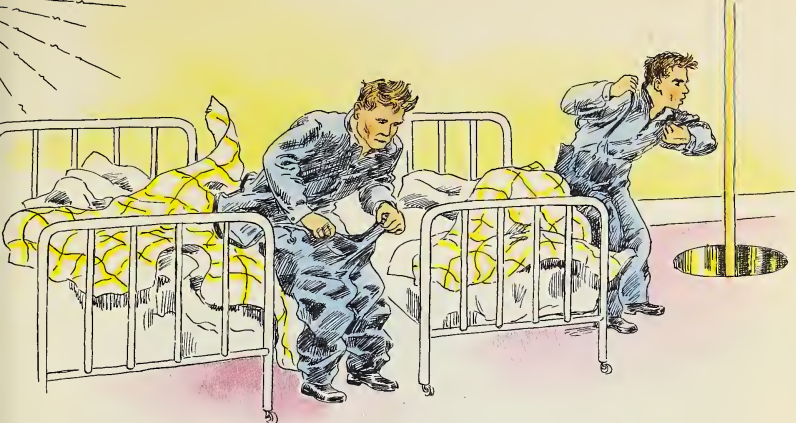
The firemen were hurrying.

Mr. White had called FIRE 1313, and that was Central Fire Station.

The man at Central Fire Station began to send the signal right away.

Mr. Wells saw the paper coming out of the machine with two red spots, then four red spots on it. That was Station 24.

In a second he was ringing the bell over the firemen's beds.



Up they jumped and into their clothes.  
In a few seconds they were downstairs,  
up on the engines, and out the door.  
Time counts when there is a fire.

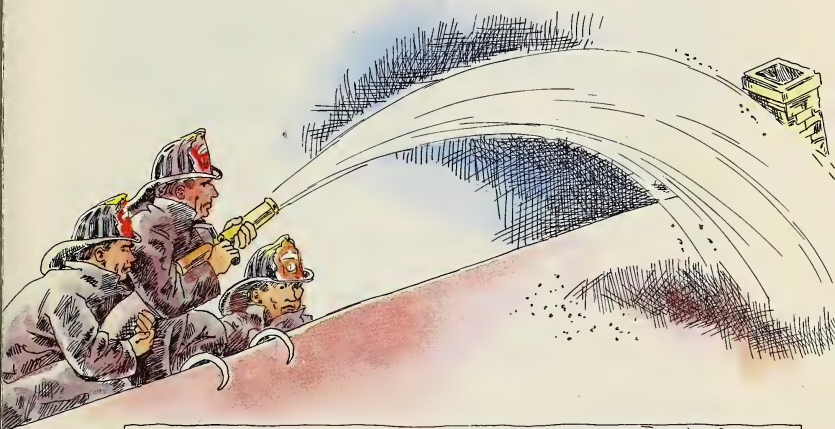


Every fireman knew just what to do when he got to the fire.

"Ready!" Mr. Wells said.



And up onto the house they went.





After the fire was out, Father thanked Mr. Wells and the other firemen.

"If you had not come as soon as you did, we would not have a house now," he said.

"I know," said Mr. Wells. "Time is what counts when there is a fire."

"Now I see why firemen always have to be ready and watching," Tom said.

"Jip watched, too," Susan said.

"Yes," said Father, "Mr. Wells watched at the station and Jip watched at home. That is why we still have a house."

## Tom Takes a Turn

Someone must always be on watch at a fire station, but the same firemen do not stay there all the time.

They take turns working.

At Station 24 the firemen worked for a day and a night. Then they went home, and other firemen came to work.

So the next day Mr. Wells was at home.



When Mr. Wells went back to work, Tom went with him.

"Joe," Mr. Wells said to one of the men, "Tom thinks he wants to be a fireman just for this morning."

"What do you want to do?" Joe asked.

"Anything," Tom said. "I want to do the same things that firemen do."

"Did you hear that?" Joe called to the other firemen. "This boy is willing to do anything and everything.

He will make a real fireman."

"I need a helper," called a fireman.

"I need one, too," called another.

"Wait a minute," laughed Mr. Wells.

"Tom can't be everywhere at once.

I think I will let him help me."

"Yes, sir!" said Tom. "YES, SIR!"



"This engine must go fast or we can't get to fires on time," Mr. Wells said.

"That is why we take good care of it."

Tom helped Joe next.





Then Tom helped Sam.

"If we don't take care of our clothes, they will not protect us," Sam said.

It was fun working at the fire house, but there was one thing more Tom wanted.

"Sam," he said, "Sam, do you care if I wear . . . ?"

"No, I don't care," said Sam, and he put his hat on Tom's head.

"Is this what you want?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom.

"YES, SIR!"





## Joe, the Cook

At lunch time Tom found out that Joe was the fireman who did the cooking.

"As a cook, Joe makes a good fireman," Sam said just for a joke.

"Maybe I can't cook," Joe said, "but you always ask for a second helping.

That tells me more than all your talk."

"My father can cook," Tom said.  
"Once Mother and Susan and Peter went away, and Father cooked our food until Mother came back.

I was glad when she came back to cook for us, and Father was, too."

The firemen laughed and laughed.

"Tom, that is the way with us,"  
Mr. Wells said.

"Joe is a good cook, but we are glad when we can go home and eat."

"Who wants to cook dinner today?"  
Joe asked.

"Joe! Joe! Please, Joe, don't make us eat our own cooking," the men called.

Then they all laughed some more.

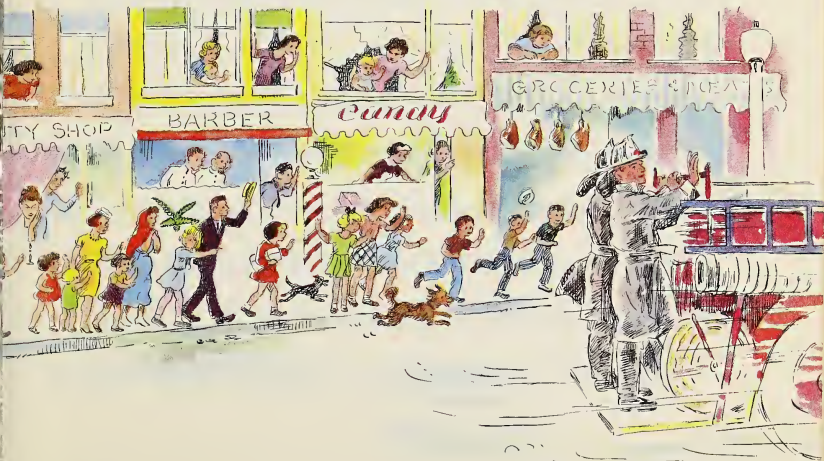
"Firemen like to joke, don't they?"  
Tom said. "They joke a lot."

"We have to joke and laugh a lot," Sam said. "If we didn't have good times, we couldn't stay here in this fire station waiting and waiting the way we do."

"But all of you like to be firemen, don't you?" Tom asked. "I thought everyone wanted to be a fireman."

"Bill likes to be a fireman," Joe said.

"He likes to ride down the street on a fire engine and have all the people looking at him."



"You men can joke all you want to," Bill said. "But a fireman wouldn't be a real fireman if he didn't like that kind of thing."

"I guess all of us like to be firemen," Mr. Wells said. "Some men earn money one way and some another way, but we all like to earn it."

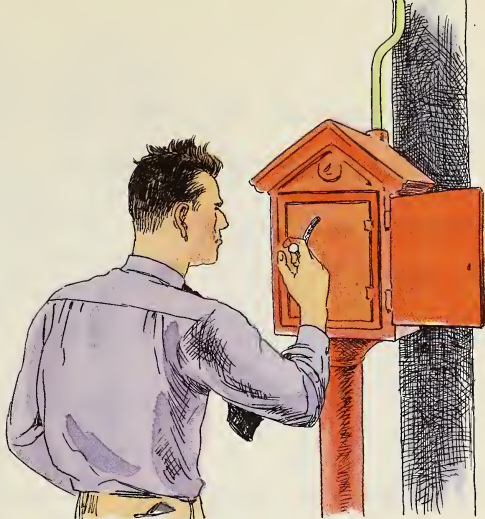
"We all HAVE to earn it," said Bill.

"I have five children. They wear out lots of shoes, and shoes don't grow on trees."

"Well," said Mr. Wells, "apples grow on trees, but it takes money to buy apples at the grocery store.

Yes, we all must work, and I am glad my work is what it is."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "I would be, too."



## More about Fires

The man in this picture is sending a call to a fire station.

There is a call box just like this one in every city neighborhood. When anyone needs to call the fire engines, he opens the call box and pulls what the man in the picture is pulling.

He can read what to do on the door of the box before he opens it.

If you live in the city, you can find a call box in your neighborhood.

It is somewhere along the street.

If you should need to use it to call the fire station, stay near the box until the fire engines come.

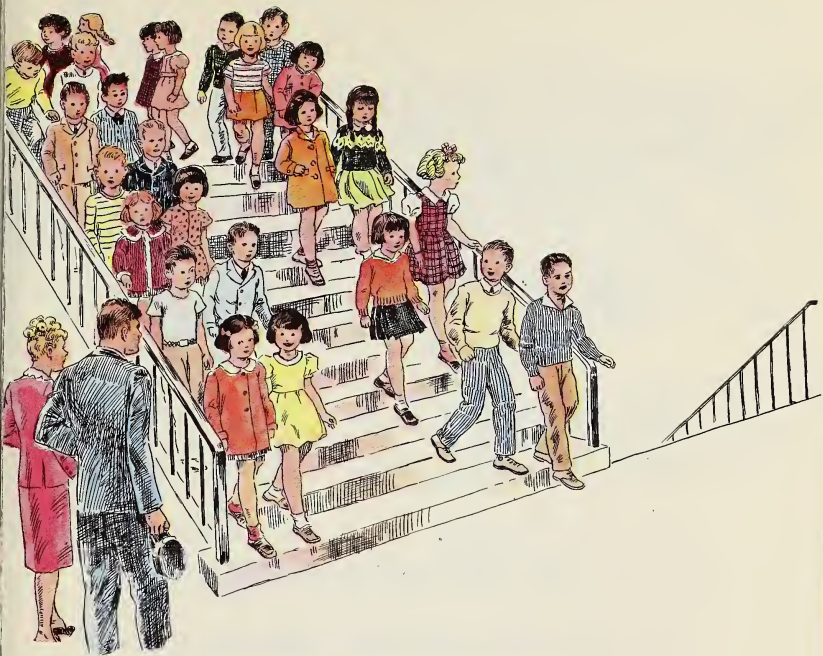
This is why you must stay at the box.

The box works like a telephone, but you cannot talk over it.

Wires run from it to the fire station. If you use the box, you send a signal over the wires to Central Fire Station and to the station in your neighborhood.

Then the men in the fire station know there is a fire somewhere near that box.

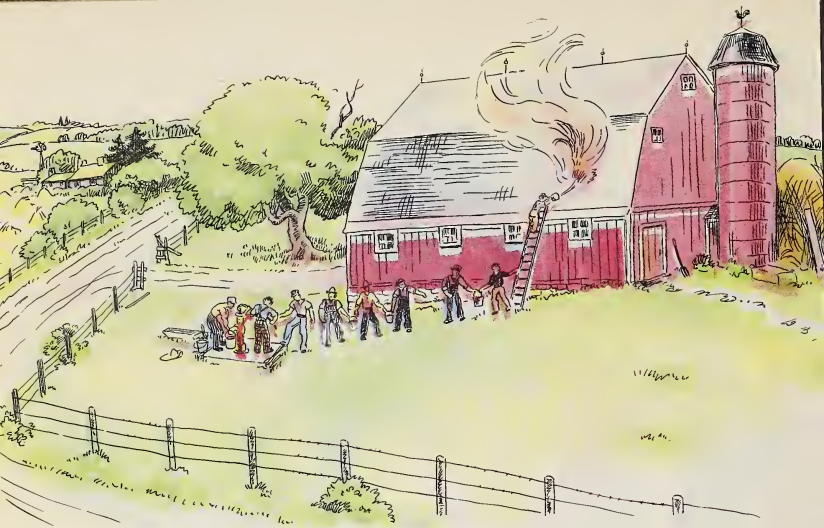
But they don't know just where, and you must be there to tell them when they get to the box.



This fireman has come to see what the children at this school would do if it should catch on fire.

The children are showing how fast they can walk out of the school.

They know that they must all be out in a very few minutes, but no one must run. Why not?



## A Fire on a Farm

One day Tom and his family were having a ride in the country.

“Look, Father,” Tom called.

“That barn over there is burning.”

Father stopped the car to watch.

“Oh, dear,” Mother said. “The fire is too big to put out that way.

Is there no fire engine to put out fires in the country?”

"Look, here comes a fire engine!"

Susan called.

"Here it comes!" called Peter.

The fire engine stopped a little way from the Whites' car.

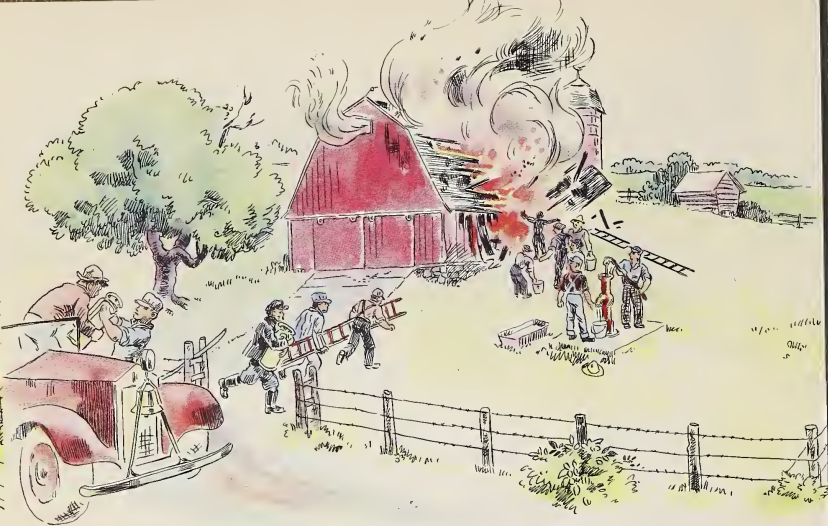
"Well," said Tom, "the firemen took their time. Our firemen at Station 24 got to our house a lot sooner than that."

"Yes, much, much sooner," Father said. "But in the city, firemen are always at the station ready and waiting.

This fire engine had to come from a town near here. And these firemen do other work until there is a fire.

It takes time for country firemen to get to the place where the engine is and start it.

A few minutes count at a fire."



The firemen worked fast, but the fire burned faster.

"The barn would not have burned down if Mr. Wells had come," Tom said.

"Maybe not," said Father, "but the men did their best.

Firemen can't stop every fire."

Peter looked and looked.

"All burned," he said.

"Yes, Peter," said Mother, "all burned."

## Police Protect Us, Too

If your father is not a fireman,  
maybe he is a policeman.

Or maybe—just maybe—the father  
of some other girl or boy in your room  
is a policeman.

Ask and find out.

Maybe no one in your room or school  
has a father who is a policeman.

But lots of fathers are policemen, and  
their children go to school.

The next time you see a policeman  
on your street, ask him what school  
his children go to.

Policemen like children and are glad  
to help you.

You just ask and see.

## Johnny and the Police

Peter liked to go to the park and feed the squirrels, and Tom liked to take him.

One morning Johnny went with them. He was one of Peter's friends.

Peter was happy.

And Johnny was happy.

"We are going to the park," sang Johnny.

"At the park I will say, 'Come here, little squirrel. Here is a nut for you.'

That's what I am going to say."

"When I was at Grandfather's house," Peter said, "he let me feed the chickens and the roosters and the ducks."

On their way to the park, Tom and Peter always walked by the police station.

Peter liked policemen.



Left! Left!

Left! Right! Left!

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left!

The policemen were going to work.

"Run," Johnny called. "Run fast, or  
the policemen will catch us."

And Johnny began to run.

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Peter didn't run. He was looking at his friend, Pat.

Pat was the park policeman.

"That's Pat," Peter called.

"Pat! Ride me to the park!"

"Up you go," said Pat.

"And Johnny, too?" asked Peter.

"What about it, Johnny?" called Pat.

"Johnny," called Peter, "see how high I am. Come and ride, too."

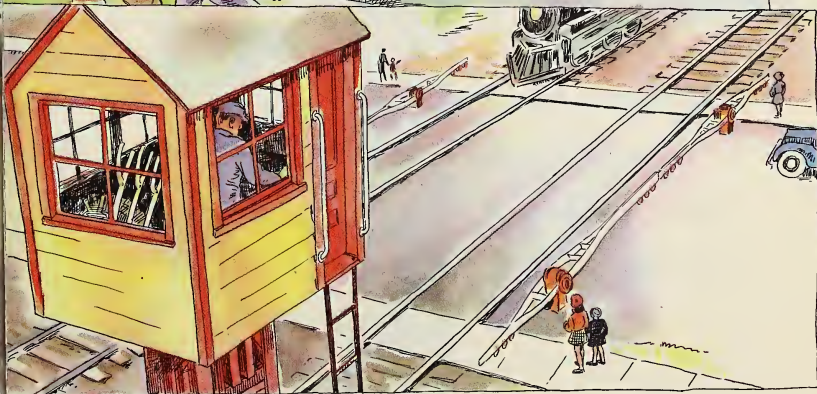
And Johnny came.



## Other Workers Who Protect Us

Tell how people are being protected  
in these pictures.

Who are protecting the people?



There are people in your neighborhood who protect you and your family in many ways.



Who is this man protecting? Is he protecting you or people who come to your house?

Who protects you as this man does?

Do you have a woman worker like this one at your school?



# Food for Everyone

---

WORKERS WHO PRODUCE

OUR FOOD

## Workers Who Produce Our Food

It takes a lot of food for the people  
in just one city neighborhood.

It takes a lot of bread.

Tom didn't stop to think who made  
the bread that he and his family ate.

He knew bread was made of flour.

He knew flour was made of wheat.

But he didn't stop to think about  
the workers who made that wheat  
into flour and that flour into bread.

Not until he met his friend Jack  
in the grocery store one day.

Then he found out that Jack's father  
made the bread that the boys saw there  
in the grocery store.



"That same bread?" Tom asked.

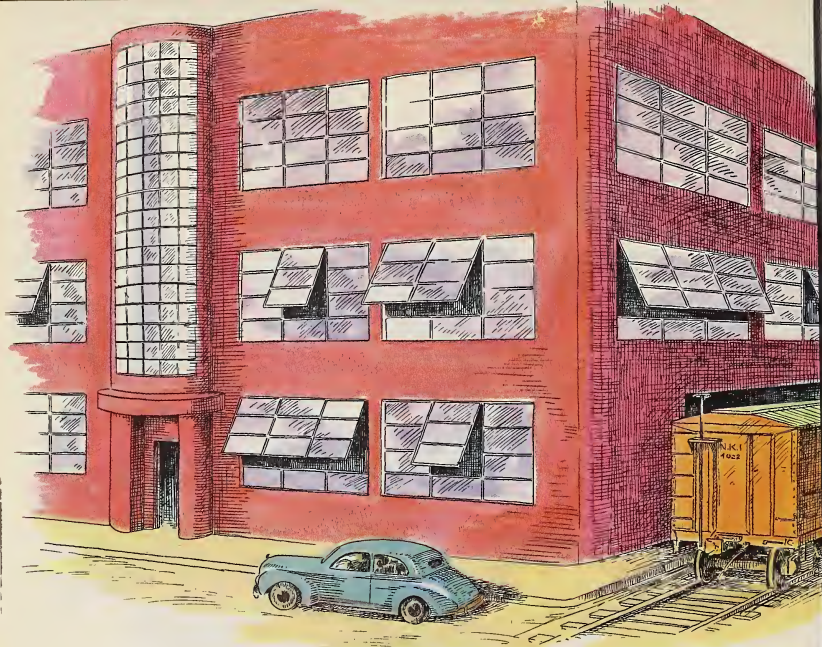
"Does your father bake that bread?"

"He doesn't bake it," Jack said.

"The men who work for him do that.  
But Father owns the bakery.

If you would like to go and see it,  
I think Father would take us."

And so one morning they both went.



## Bigger and Better

"Here," said Mr. Brown as he stopped the car. "This is our bakery."

"Say!" Tom said. "That is big."

"Yes, sir!" said Mr. Brown.

"A lot of the bread that the people in this city eat is baked in our bakery."

"Well," said Tom, "it has to be big."

"The bigger, the better," said Mr. Brown.

"We bake more bread and feed more people.

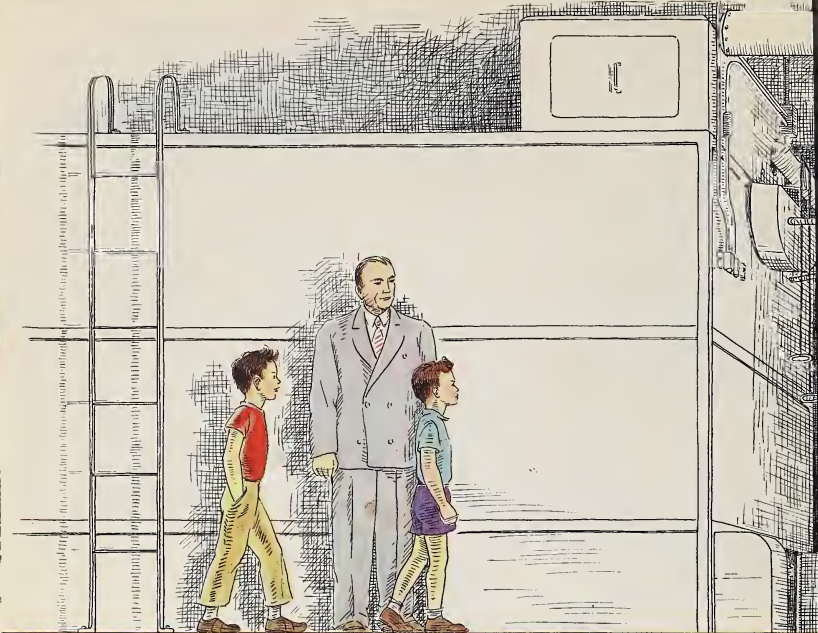
But it takes a lot of flour to produce all that bread."

"Let's climb the stairs now and see the flour," Jack said.

So they went up, up, up the stairs to the next floor and then to the next.

There was the flour!

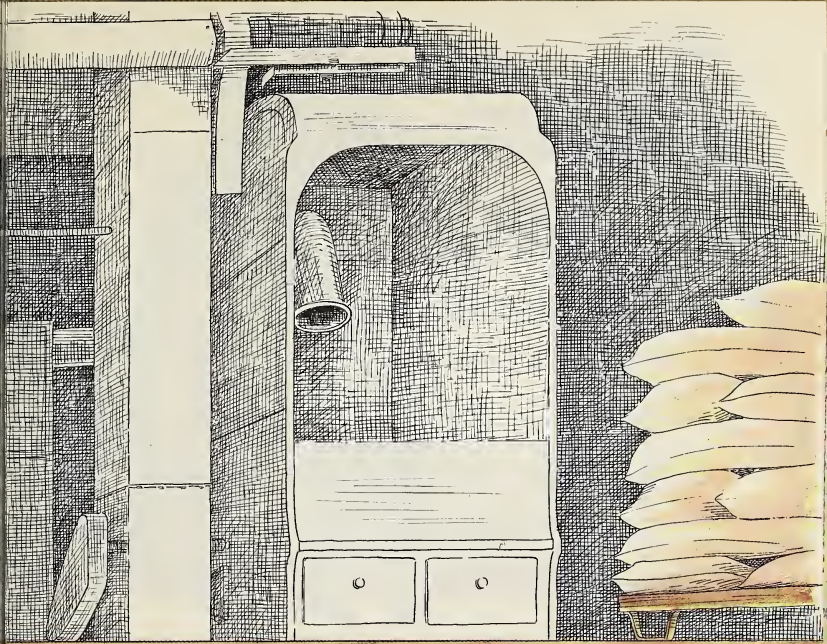




That was Tom's first big surprise, but not his last. There was so very much of everything, and everything was so big.

"Oh, does it take this many machines to make bread?" Tom asked.

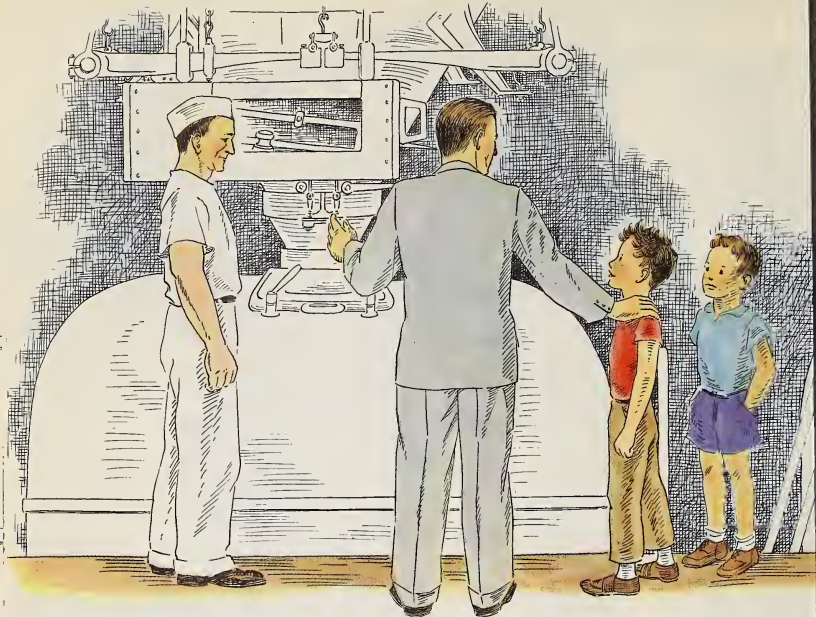
"Why, Tom," said Mr. Brown. "All of these machines just get the flour ready to make the dough."



“Yes,” Jack said, “wait until you see all the machines there are downstairs. You will see that it takes them all to make as much bread as we bake.”

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Brown, “it takes every machine we have. And we have the best machines that money can buy.”

Then down they went to the next floor.



## So Much and No More

"Tom," said Mr. Brown, "this is Jim Hill. He is one of my best bakers. Watch him get ready to mix the dough.

Jack, you watch, too."

"You see," Jim said, "this is what we mix to make good bread.

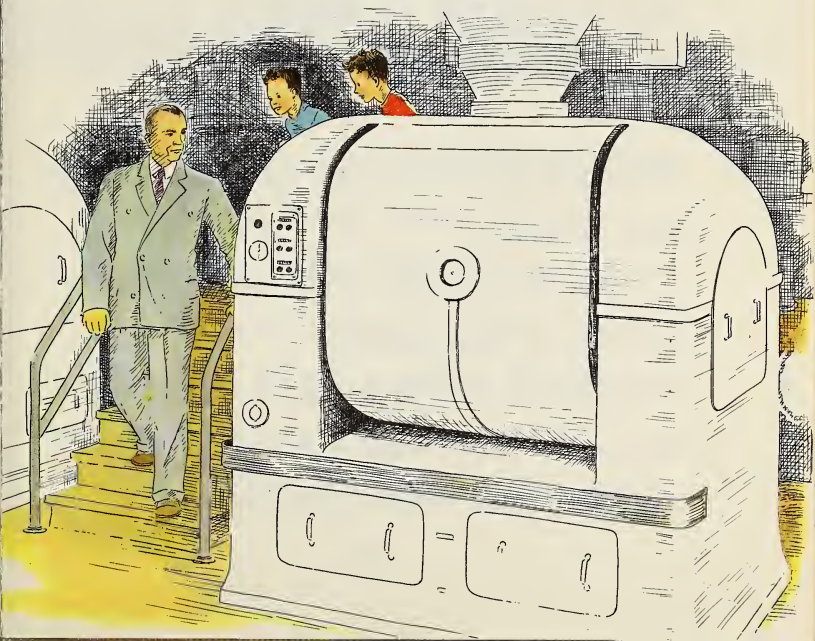
Just so much flour and no more.

Just so much milk and no more."

"There is no guesswork in bread making," said Mr. Brown.

"We know how good bread is made, and we make it that way. This bakery has good machines and good bakers. So it is easy to see why our bread is always good.

Let's go downstairs and see the dough come out of the mixing machine when it is done."



"I can't see anything," Tom said.

"You will," said Jack.

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, "you will when the mixing machine opens."

"Will it open very soon?" Tom asked.

"Just watch," Jim said. "It will open just so many minutes after the machine was started, and not one minute sooner.

That is the way machines work.

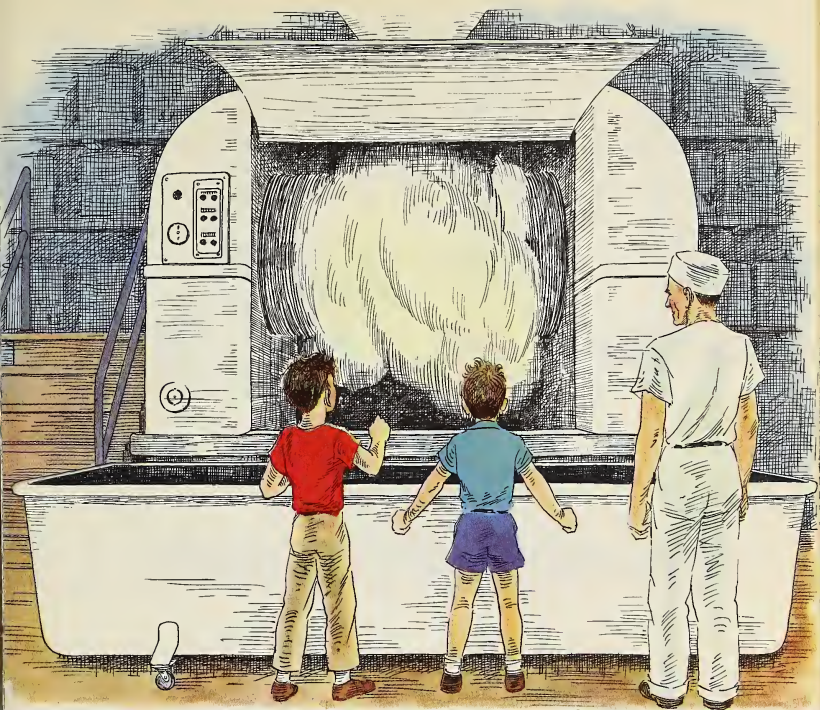
The dough will be mixed by that time and be ready to come out."

Slowly the door of the mixing machine began to open.

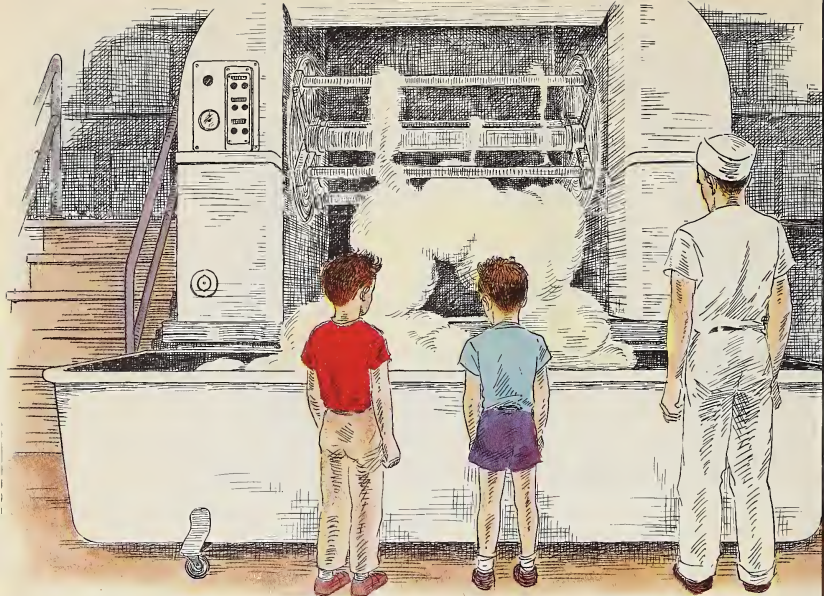
"Look, Tom, look," Jack called. "See! The door is opening now.

The dough in the machine is mixed, and now it will come out.

Not too fast! Not too slow!"



Oh, what a noise! Flap! Bang! Flap!  
Flap! Bang! Flap! Bang! Flap!  
Round and round went the dough.  
"It's not coming out," called Tom.  
"The door of the machine is open,  
but the dough will not come out."  
"It will when it's ready," Jim said.



Suddenly the noise stopped. Then all the dough began to slide slowly out of the mixing machine.

"See!" said Jim with a laugh.

"After the doors are open just so long, the dough comes out."

"Always?" asked Tom.

"Always," said Jim. "That is the way these machines work."

"I guess machines think just the way people think, don't they?" Tom said.

"Well-l-l, no," Jim said. "It is not so easy as that.

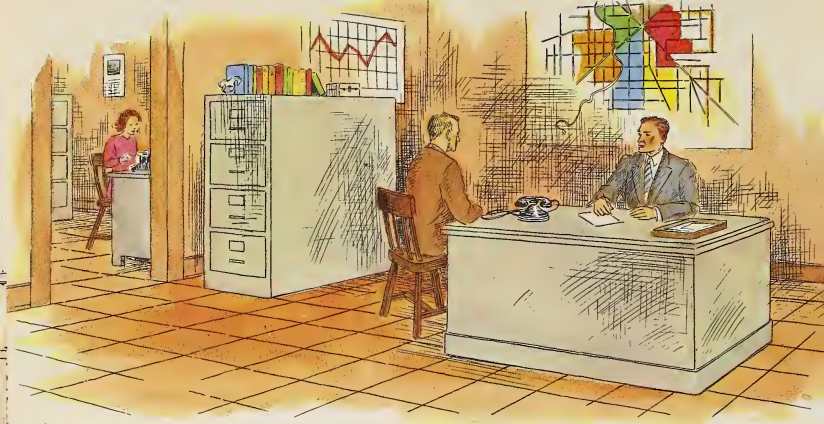
Men have to start machines. Men can always stop machines, and it is men who fix them when anything is the matter.

Machines can't think. The men who made the machines are the ones who did the thinking.

They knew the kinds of work they wanted machines to do, and they made the kinds of machines that would do it."

"I guess they did," Tom said. And he suddenly began to laugh.

"If machines could think," he said, "I guess they would make MEN who could work for THEM."



## Mr. Brown's Work

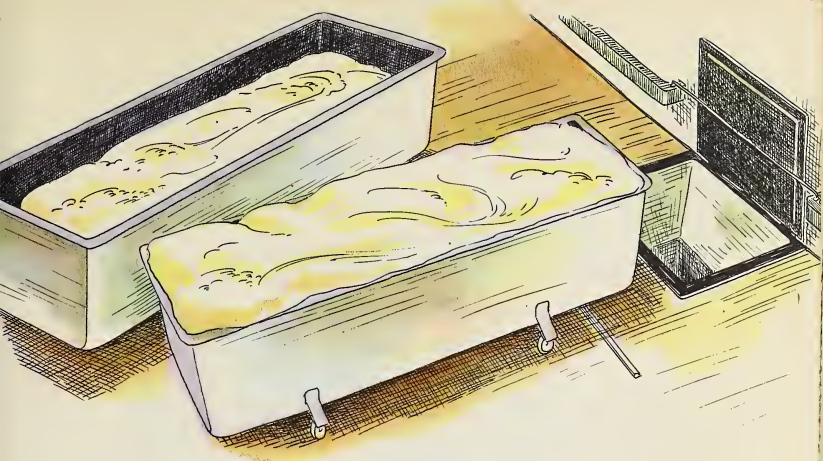
Mr. Brown left the boys with Jim and went into this room to do his work.

Mr. Brown doesn't make the bread, but he has a lot of work to do.

In a bakery there is more work than just making bread.

Mr. Brown has to see that the bakers have all the flour and milk and things they need to put into bread.

And he has to see that the stores buy the bread after it is made.



## Every Ten Minutes

Next Jim showed the two boys where the dough was put after it was mixed.

"Why is this dough puffed up more than the rest?" Tom asked.

"That dough was mixed ten minutes before the other dough," Jim said.

"It's ready now to be made into loaves, and the other dough will be ready in ten more minutes.

Every ten minutes more dough is ready to go down to the next floor."

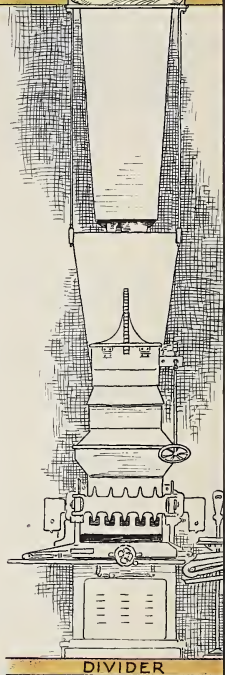


"Watch!" Jim said.  
And the boys watched  
the dough go down  
to the next floor.

In this picture you can  
see both floors at once.  
But the boys couldn't.

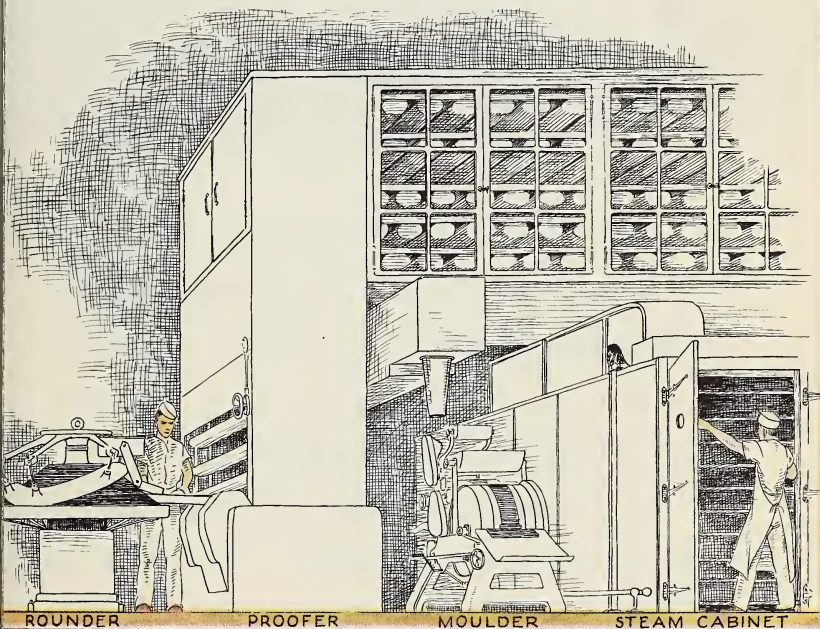
They saw the dough  
go down. Then they  
had to go downstairs  
to see where the dough  
was made into loaves.

"You see," Jim said, "from now until  
it comes out of the oven, the dough  
never stops moving."



"Anyway," Jack said, "that is so if a bakery is running right."

"Is everything running all right in this bakery now?" Tom asked.



ROUNDER

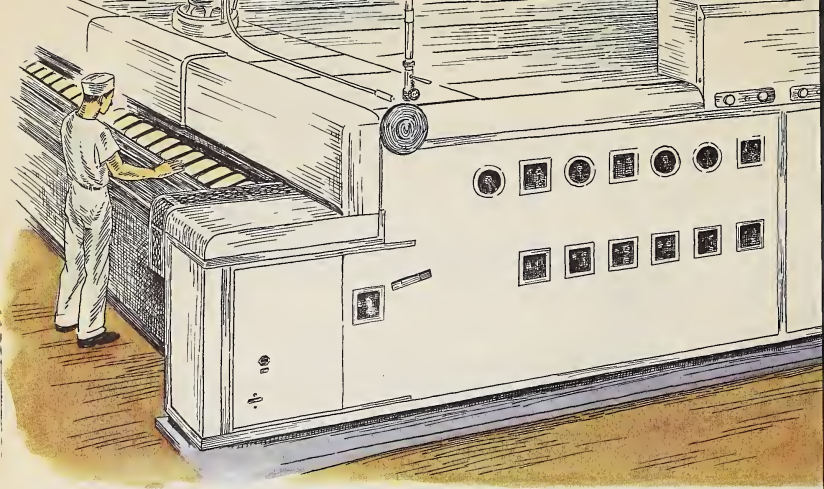
PROOFER

MOULDER

STEAM CABINET

"Everything is running fine," said Jim. "Just fine!

This will be very good bread."



## An Oven as Big as a House

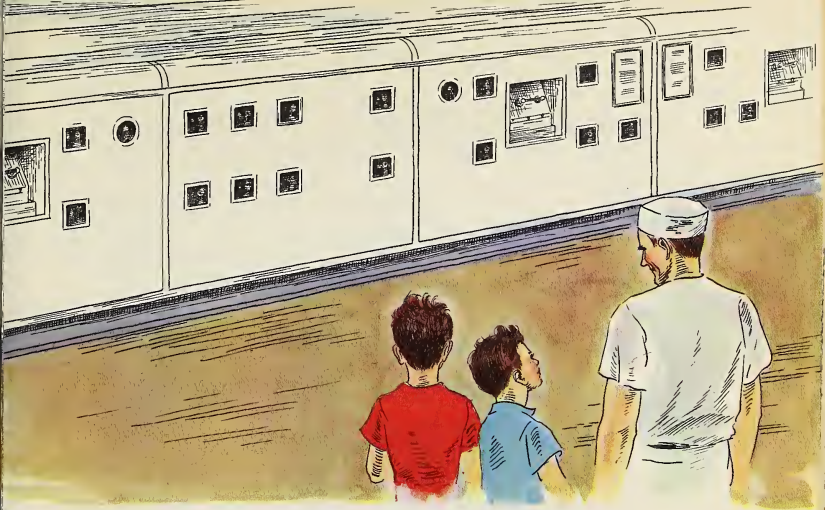
"This," said Jack, "is the oven where the bread is baked."

"The oven!" said Tom.

"Yes, the oven," laughed Jack.

"You didn't know there was an oven as big as that, did you?"

"No," Tom answered. "And when I tell Susan that I saw an oven as big as a house, she will say that I am just making up a story."



"Tell him how it works," Jack said.

"All right," said Jim. "You see, Tom, there is a fire under the oven, all along the way.

The bread moves slowly from one end of the oven to the other, and it bakes as it moves.

We put the loaves in one end and take them out at the other end.

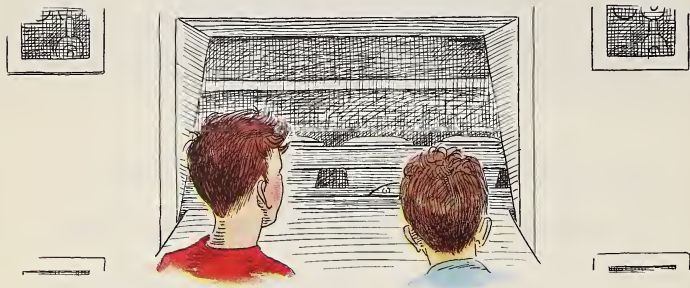
If I open the little doors in the oven, you can see the bread as it bakes."

"Look out," said Jim. "This oven is hot."

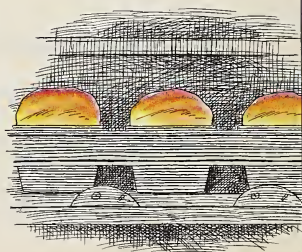
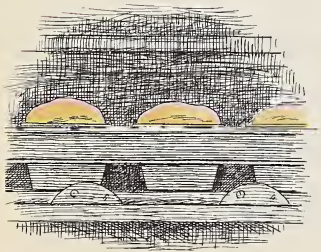
And it certainly was.

"See all the loaves," called Tom.

"They are starting to get bigger."

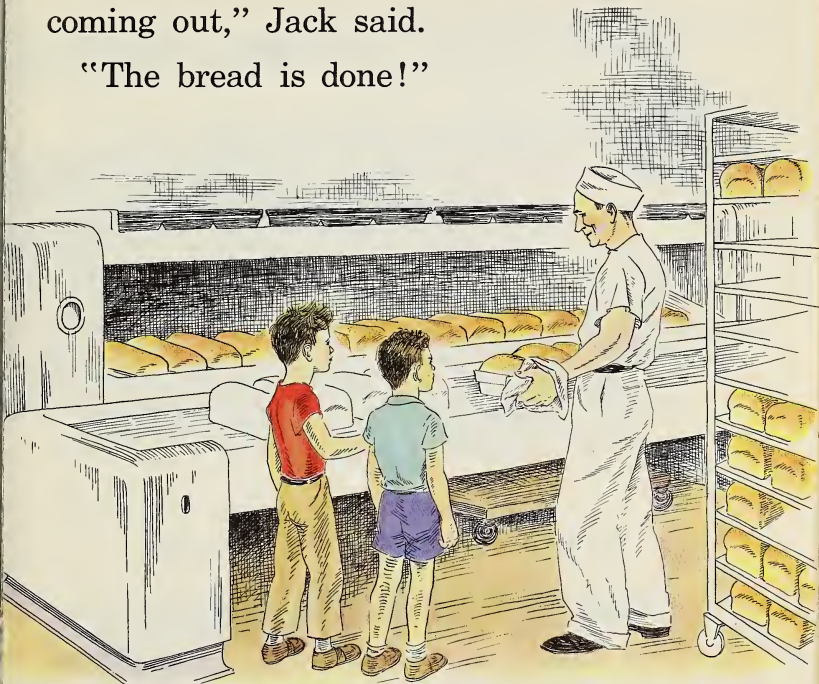


The boys ran from one door to the next. They saw that the loaves were getting a little bigger and a little more brown.



"Let's go around and see the loaves coming out," Jack said.

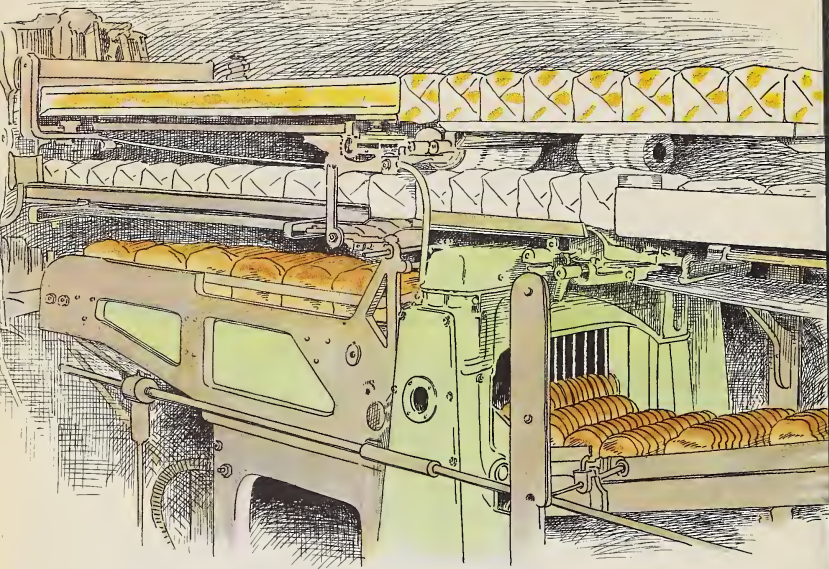
"The bread is done!"



"Um-mm-m," said Tom, "I could eat one of those loaves right now.

Couldn't you, Jack?"

"Give one to me and see," laughed Jack.



## Bakery to Store to Home

At last they came to the machine that put the paper on the loaves of bread.

"Now the bread looks the way it does in the grocery stores," Tom said.

"That is where it goes from here," said the baker. "But you may take two of these loaves home with you."

"Now we won't have to buy our bread at the store today," said Tom. "We will have it right from the bakery."

Then Jim took the boys out where trucks were waiting to take the bread to stores all over the city.

Oh, what a lot of trucks there were, and what a lot of bread in every truck!

"Dick is going to the grocery store in your neighborhood. He will take you boys with him," Jim said.



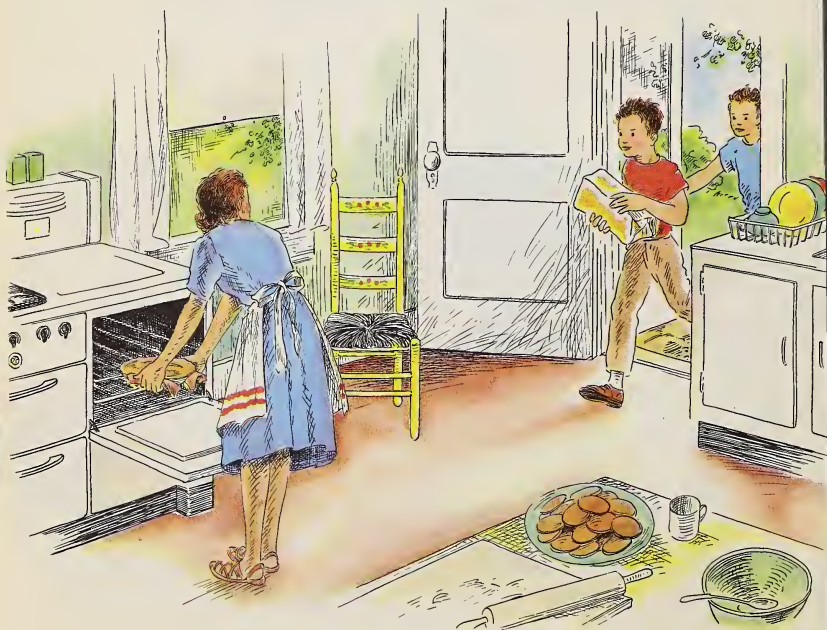
First the bakery truck took bread to the neighborhood grocery store.

Then it took the boys to Jack's house.

"Just look, Mrs. Brown," Tom called.

"Here is some bread that we saw baked. The baker gave it to us to bring home and eat."

And then Tom saw what Mrs. Brown was doing.



“Oh, Mrs. Brown,” laughed Tom.

“You are a baker, too.”

“Yes,” she said, “I am a baker, too. I think all mothers like to be bakers some of the time.

I don’t bake bread, but I do bake cookies and other things.”

“My mother’s bakery is not so big as my father’s,” Jack said.

“That is because she doesn’t bake for so many people.

She bakes just for our family.”

“And our friends,” said Mrs. Brown.

Then she gave two big cookies to Tom and Jack.

“I am family,” said Jack.

“And I am a friend,” said Tom.

## Another Kind of Bakery

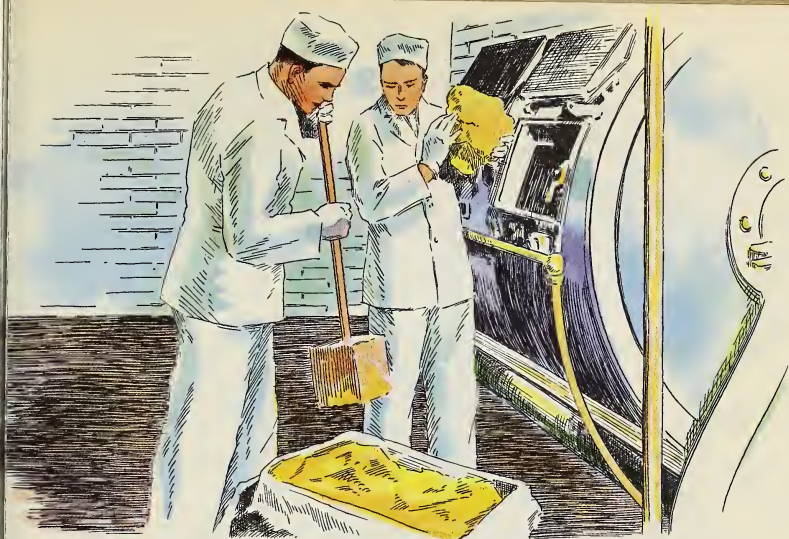
Mr. Bangs' bakery  
on Second Street

was not big like Mr. Brown's. It was  
a store with a workroom back of it.

Mrs. Bangs worked in the store, and  
there were just two bakers. Mr. Bangs  
and his brother were the bakers.

Does your  
neighborhood  
have a bakery  
like this one?  
How many people  
work in it?





## Another Kind of Food

Can you tell what kind of food  
these men are making?

It is something yellow.

It is something you put on bread.

It is made from something the cow  
gives us.

Now do you know?

What is the name of the machine  
the men have just used?



## Cherries to Can

One morning Tom's mother took him to an orchard to help her pick cherries. She didn't have to pay so much for them as she would have to pay at a store.

Mrs. White was going to can the cherries so that when summer was over, her family would still have cherries to eat.

All over the orchard other people were picking fruit as fast as they could pick.

“Is everyone going to take cherries home and can them?” Tom asked.

“No,” Mrs. White said. “The man who owns this orchard is paying the people to pick the cherries for him.

Then this man will sell the cherries to the Canwell Fruit Company.

The fruit company will can the cherries and sell the cans of fruit to grocery stores.

Then mothers who don’t want to can their own fruit will buy it from the stores.”

“But we won’t, will we?” said Tom, picking faster and faster.

“Oh, no,” said Mother. “We won’t have to buy any fruit because we will have our own.”

## Cooking in Cans

The girls in this picture are working in the Canwell Fruit Company.

See how many cherries they have to can.





Machines put the fruit into the cans.  
Then it is cooked just so many minutes  
and not one minute more.

The man who owns the fruit company  
says just what Mr. Brown, the baker, said.

He said, "We have the best machines  
that money can buy and good workers  
to run them.

No guesswork here!"

This woman likes to can food at home for her family.

Why doesn't she need big machines like the ones the fruit company uses?

Look at each picture and tell what the woman is doing.

Does your mother can food this way?

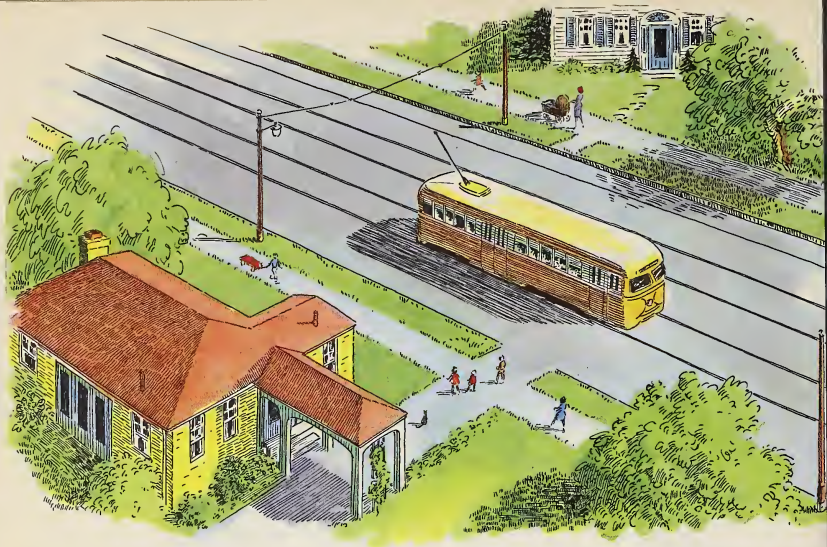


# Going Places

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WORKERS WHO HELP US

TRAVEL



## Workers Who Help Us Travel

The Whites lived in a big neighborhood. It was a neighborhood of homes.

That was why so many of the people who lived there worked in another part of the city.

Sometimes Tom thought he would like to be a streetcar conductor and take people to their work every day.

"I know a real streetcar conductor,"  
Tom said to his friend Tim one day.

"I know a train conductor," Tim said.

"Streetcar conductors just go places  
here in the city. Train conductors go  
all over the country."

"Do you really know any conductors?"  
Tom asked. "Really?"

"I know the conductor who worked  
on the train last summer when we went  
to see my grandfather," Tim said.

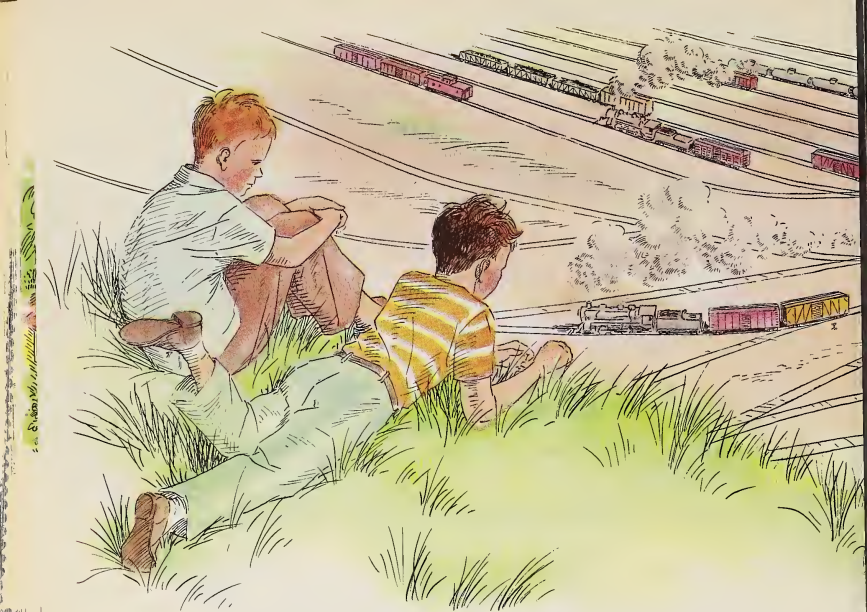
"Did you talk to him?" asked Tom.

"Oh, yes," said Tim, "and I talked  
to the engineer, too. I found out where  
we can see lots of engines.

Do you want to go?"

"Why not?" said Tom.

"Come on," said Tim.



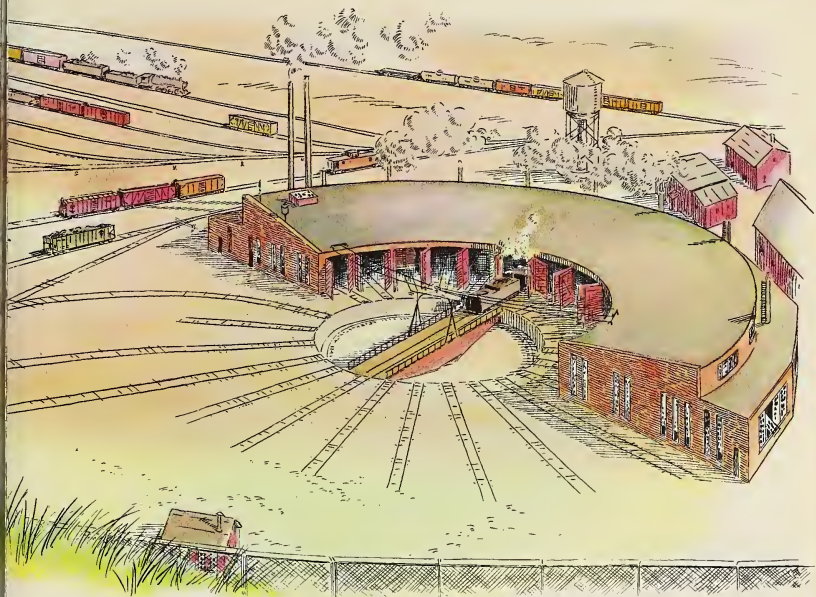
## Trains

"What did I tell you, Tom?

What did I tell you?" Tim said.

"Didn't I tell you I knew a place where you could see lots of engines and trains and tracks and things?

You never came up this hill before, did you? You didn't know there was a place like this."



Tom watched the engines puff along,  
up one track and down another.

Some engines had no cars behind them.  
He didn't know what they were doing.

"I thought trains went places," he said.

"Where is the station and where are  
the people?"

"Oh, this is a switch yard," said Tim.

"Come down the hill and I will show you."



"We just want to look," Tim called to the watchman.

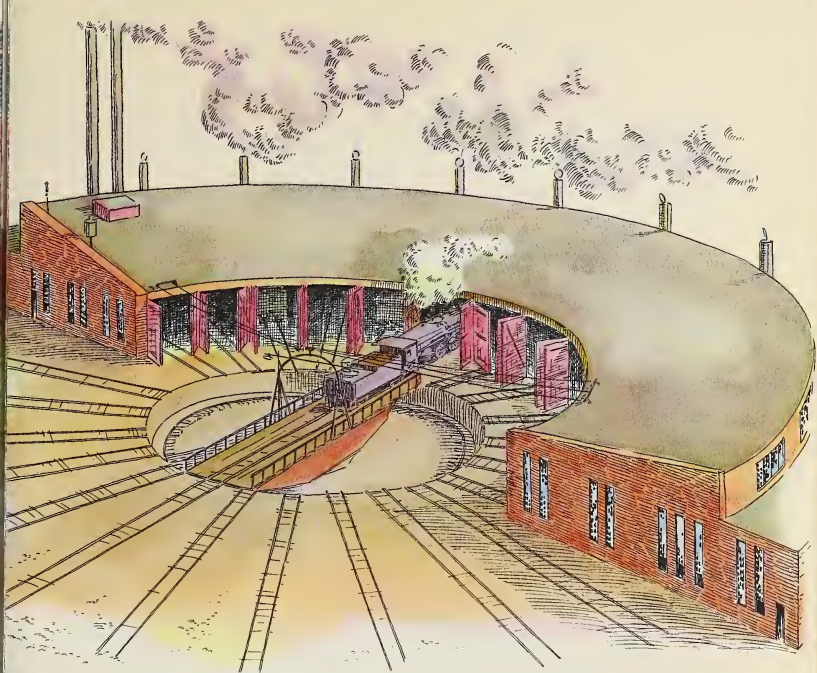
"You boys going to be engineers when you grow up?" the watchman asked.

"I am," said Tim.

"You told me you were going to be a conductor," Tom said.

"That what you want to be, too?" the man asked Tom.

"Maybe," Tom said, "but I think I'm going to be a fireman and put out fires. What is that round thing over there?"



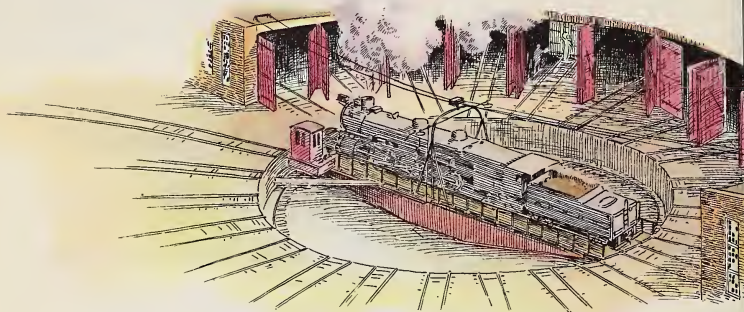
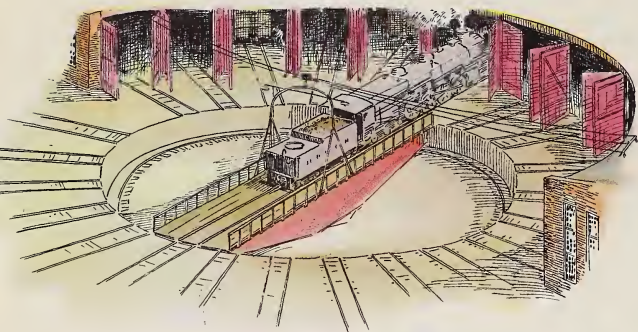
“That round thing is a roundhouse,”  
said the watchman.

“Why is it round?” Tom asked.

“Because it has to be round to do  
what it has to do,” the man said.

“Watch that engine coming out now.  
The engineer wants to turn it around  
so that it can go the other way.”

"See," said Tim. "The engine is going onto a track that will turn right around."

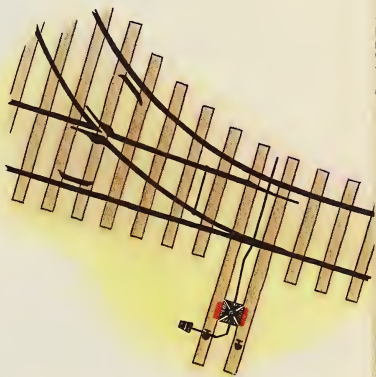
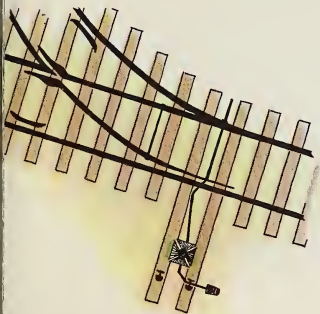


"Oh!" Tom said. "After the track has turned, the engine will be heading this way. An engine runs on a track, and it can't turn if the track doesn't."

"That is it," said the watchman.

"Lots of things about trains are the way they are just because trains run on tracks.

That is why cars have to be switched."

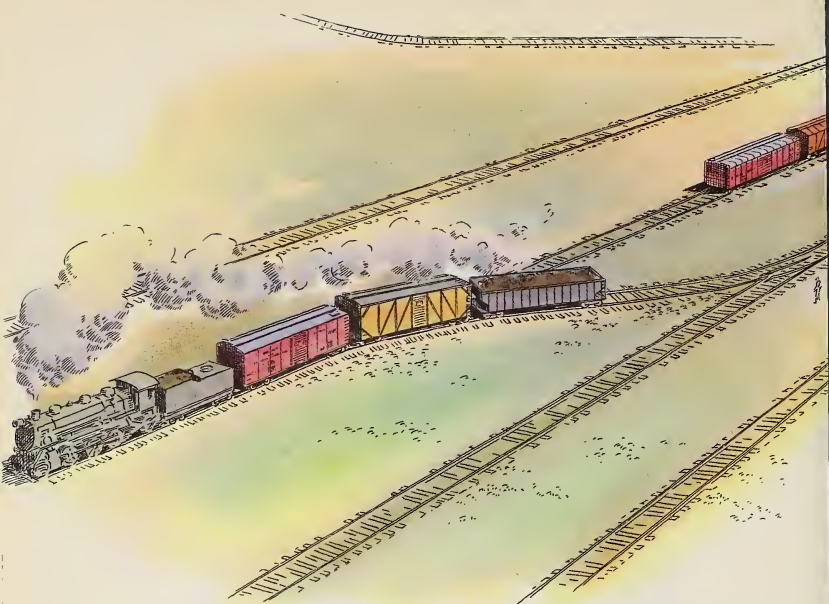


"I know," said Tim.

"I have a toy train.

I can switch one part of the track over to the next track.

That is the way the train gets from one track to another."



“See that switch engine over there?”  
said the man. “Now it is going onto  
the next track with three cars.

When it gets the cars on that track,  
it will hook them onto those other cars  
that are there now.”

The boys watched.

“That,” said the man, “is what we  
call ‘making up a train.’”

Now all the cars were hooked up, and the switch engine's work was done.

Away it puffed, and the switch engineer went with it.

Just then a very big engine came backing up to the cars.

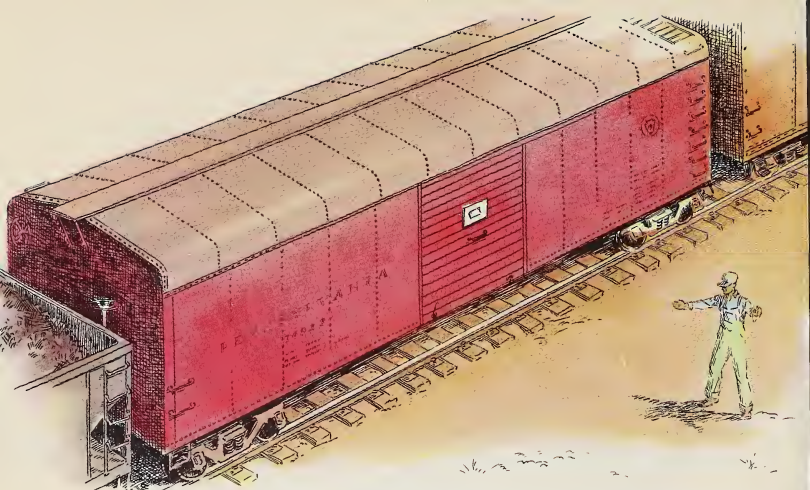
Soon another engineer walked over and climbed up into the big engine.

"Is he the one who is going to take the train out?" the boys asked.

"He is the one," the watchman said.

"Another train is ready to go."





## Signals

As soon as one train was on its way, switchmen began to make up another.

All at once Tim said, "I know how the engineer in that switch engine knows where to move those cars.

Tom doesn't know, do you, Tom?"

"Yes, I know," Tom said. "That man in the blue overalls gave a signal.

He is signaling to the engineer now."

"What is he signaling?" Tim asked.

Just then the engine began to back into three cars that were behind it.

"I know," said Tom. "He signaled for the engine to back up."

"Oh, yes, you know now," Tim said. "But I knew before, because I watched when they made up the last train."

"Well," Tom said, "I am watching now."

"All right," said Tim. "The man is making another signal. What is that?"

"Head! Head!" Tom thought, as he saw what the man in the overalls was doing.

Tom didn't know what the signal was, but the man who ran the switch engine did.

Down the track went the engine, pulling three cars behind it.



"Say!" Tom said. "Now I know!

That signal certainly is good.

The engine is the head of the train.

So when the engineer gets a signal like that, he is to, well-l-l, to kind of go head first."

"That's it," the watchman said.

"Switchmen call it 'heading in.' "

"Yes, that's what it is," Tim said.

"Heading in! That's good."

"Signals are fun," said Tom.

Then a switchman came along and he showed the boys some other signals.

Here is one of the signals that he showed them. This one is saying, "Switch your train to Track 4."



The switchman took out his watch.

"Time to make up another train," he said. "Watches and signals! We couldn't run trains without them.

Why, just think what it would be like if every engineer took his train out any time and went just anywhere."

"Oh!" laughed Tom, "that wouldn't do. Trains would get on the same track and bump into each other."

"Yes," Tim said, "and some towns would have lots of trains coming into them, and some towns wouldn't have any.

And people who wanted to take a trip wouldn't know what time they should go to the station.

Someone has to know where each train goes and when it will get there."

"See this signal,"  
the switchman said.

"Time to eat."

"Time to eat!" Tim said.

"Well, I guess we had  
better be going."



"Oh, yes, we have a long way to go,"  
Tom said, "and my father doesn't like it  
when I am late for dinner."

"Late for dinner!" said the switchman.

"You certainly don't want to be late  
for anything if you want to be engineers.

If you can't get to school and to dinner  
and to bed on time, how can you ever  
run a train? Trains must be on time."

"Oh, we will get to dinner on time,"  
the boys called. "We will!" And away  
they went in a hurry up over the hill.



## On Time

No one but Tom and Tim knew there was a fast train running along the walks of Newhill that day.

A woman coming out of a grocery store on High Street saw it, but she thought it was just two boys running.

She didn't know Train 5 on Track 1 was ten minutes late and making up time.

Nancy Summer met it as it turned onto Pringle Street.

"Get off the track," Tom called.

"This train is making up time."

"Tom," Nancy called, "Susan is looking for you. You had better hurry home."

Then Patty Bird called from her yard, "Tom, did you know Susan and your father went on a train trip? They just went to the station."

And that stopped the train right in its tracks.

"Oh, no," Tom thought. "No, no, no!"

"Go on, Tom," called Tim.

But Tom didn't answer him.

Tom didn't hear Tim.

He started to run down the street to the house where he lived.

Tom wanted to find out if Patty was just talking. He had to know if Susan and Father were home.

He just had to know.

"Susan! Father!" Tom called, as he ran in the door. "Here I am!"

"Hello," said Mother. "Didn't you know that Susan and Father went to the station?"

That was too much for Tom!

"Oh, Mother," he said. "How could Father do that to me? Why didn't he take me on the trip, too?"

"Why, Tom," Mother said, "they went to the station to buy train tickets.

Father just found out he could take his vacation now.

So we are all going on the trip."

"Oh-h-h," Tom said, "I'm so glad!"

"I'm glad you are on time for dinner," said Mother.

"So am I," Tom said.

"I'm never going to be late again. Because, you see, engineers . . . ."

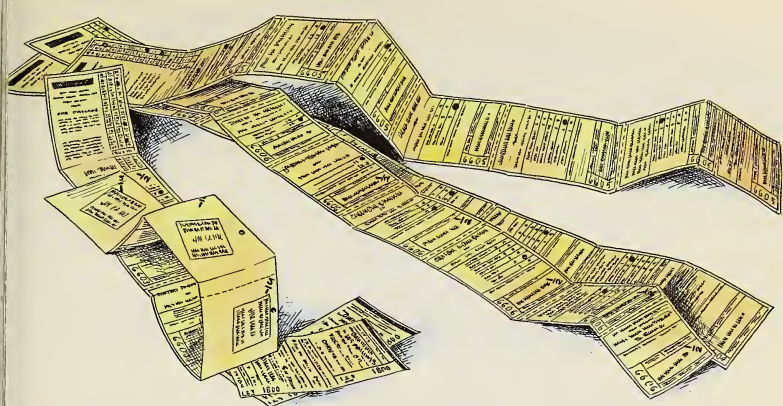
But Tom's mother was not listening.

She had a lot of work to do. She was getting ready for a trip.

"Tom, please bring me the clothes on that bed," she said. "Thank you, dear. What were you saying?"

"Oh, nothing, Mother," Tom answered. "I'll tell you some other time."





## A Long Trip

"Look," Susan said when she and Father came home, "tickets for all of our family. All but Peter. He is too little to need one."

Tom looked at the tickets.

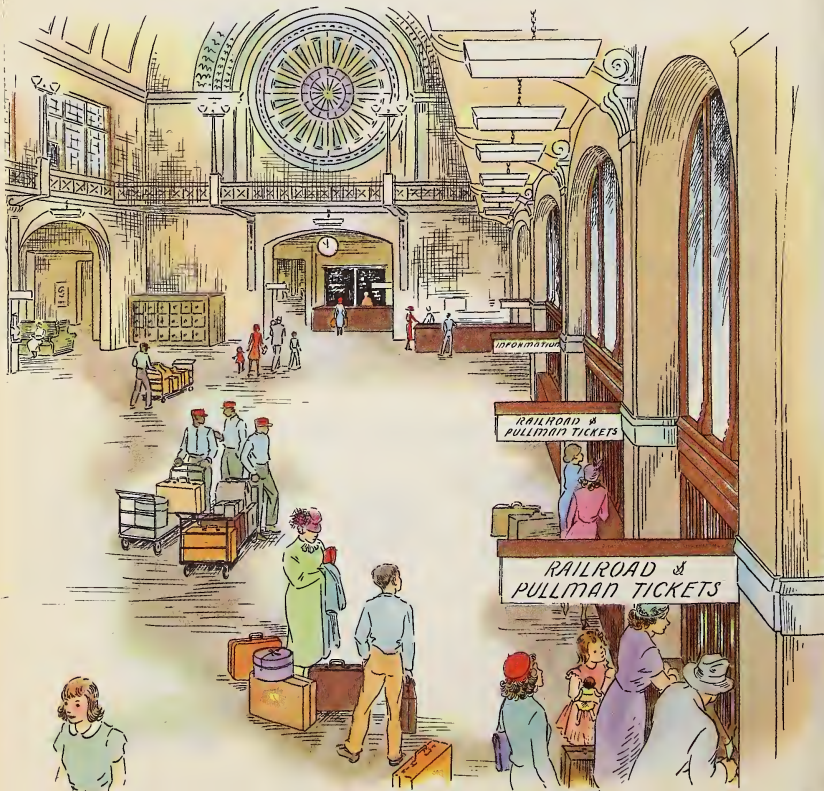
"Why are they so long?" he asked.

"Because our trip is a long one," said Mother. "This is going to be the best vacation our family ever had.

Jip is going to Grandfather's farm, and so he will have a vacation, too."

It was late that night when the family went to the station.

"Look," Susan said. "Over there is where Father and I went for tickets. We must show them to a conductor or we can't go out to the train."



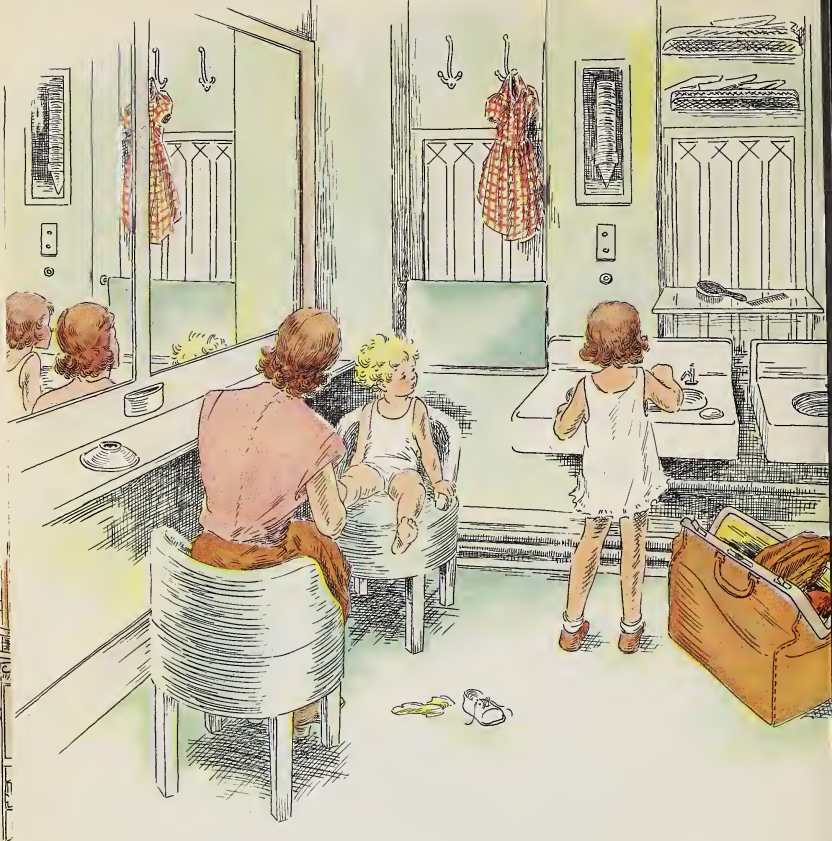


It was a long, long train. It was so long that the children could not see the baggage car away up by the engine.

They didn't know that a neighbor of theirs worked in that baggage car.

But he did.





Peter and Susan went with Mother into a little room at one end of the car to get ready for bed.

Tom and Father got ready for bed in a room at the other end of the car.



A porter came to help Tom climb up into his bed. It was high up over the bed where Mother and Susan were going to sleep.

When Susan saw Tom, she said, "I want to climb a ladder, too."

"Sh-h," Mother said.

"People are sleeping in this car."

But she let Susan climb up the ladder and then climb down again. Just once!



Father and Peter were in a bed that was just behind Mother and Susan.

Soon everyone in the family but Tom was sleeping.

"All . . . five of us," thought Tom.

"All our . . . family . . . right . . . here. I . . . wish . . . tr . . . ain . . . would . . . start."

Tom was very, very sleepy.

Then the train did start. Faster and faster it went, out of the station and down the track on its long trip.

But Tom didn't know it had started.

Tom was sleeping.

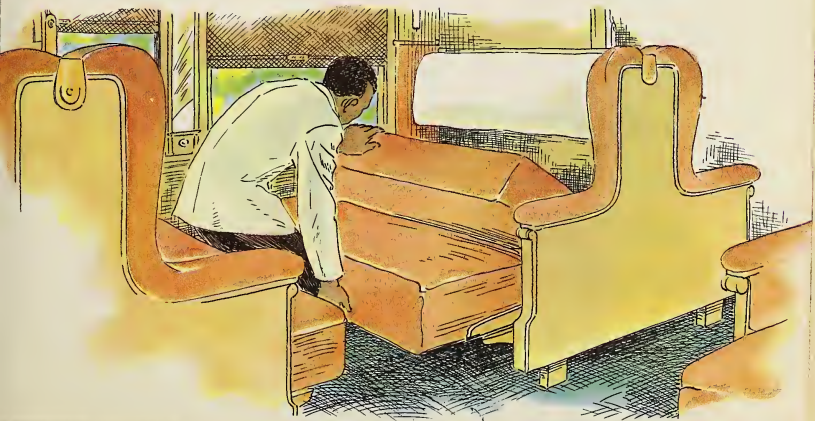




“Well, well,” Susan said to the porter the next morning. “I thought this was just a sleeping car.”

“Not in the daytime,” the porter said.

“In the daytime you sit up.”



"Will you fix the beds for us again when it is night?" Peter asked.

"I certainly will," said the porter.

"Every night I make up the beds and every morning I put them away again.

That is my work."

"Are all the sleeping cars like this?" Tom asked.

"Not all of them," the porter told him.

"Some cars have many little bedrooms.

When you are in a car like that, you have a little room of your own, and everything you need is in that room."

Then he took them into the next car and showed them one of the bedrooms.

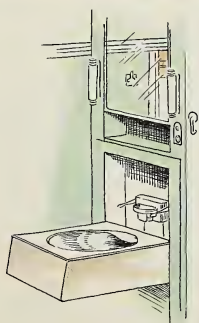
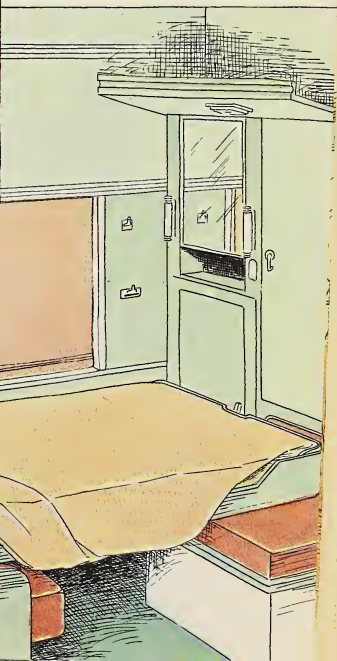
"Next time we travel we may have a little room like this," Tom said.

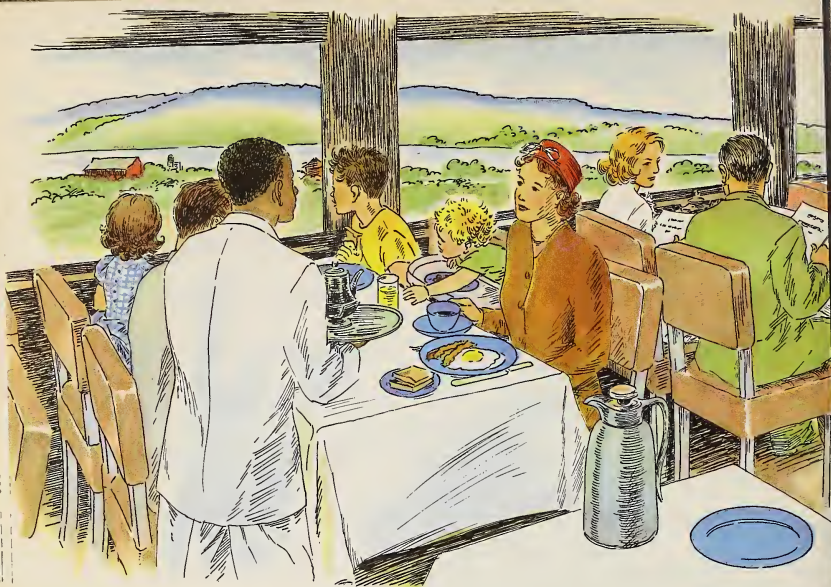
"Maybe," said Susan.

## More about Trains

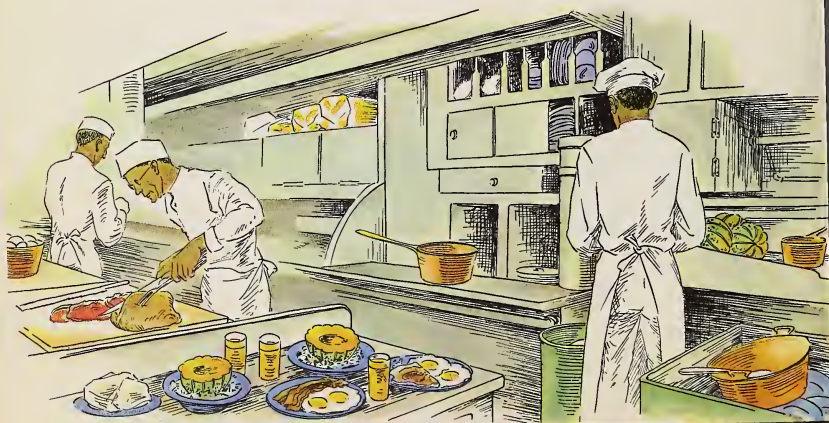
Which picture shows one of the little rooms in daytime?

How is a bed made at night?





This is where the White family ate.  
Many other people who were traveling  
on that train ate there, too.  
Here is where all the food was cooked.

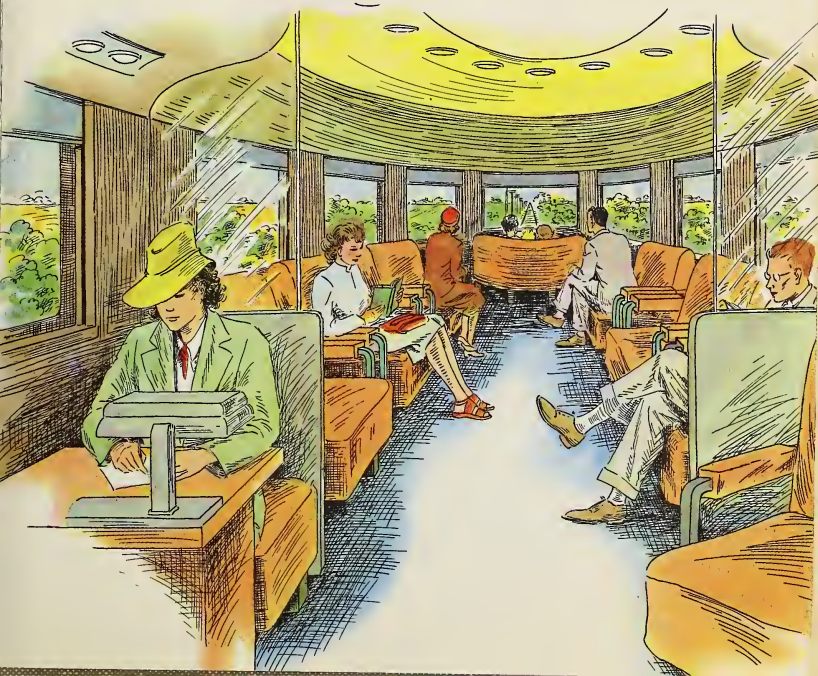


After the family ate, they walked and walked until they came to a car at the end of the train.

They sat down in this pretty car and listened to the radio.

After that they sat and watched the track behind them.

What do you think the woman in the yellow hat is doing?





They saw fields of yellow wheat.

"Look," Tom said, "that wheat will be made into flour some day.

And maybe that same flour will go to Mr. Brown's bakery in our city."

"I like to travel on trains," Susan said. "Why didn't we take a train ride sooner? Let's take a trip every summer."

"Maybe we will," laughed Father.

## New Friends

The White family was on the train for two days and three nights, and every minute of the trip was fun.

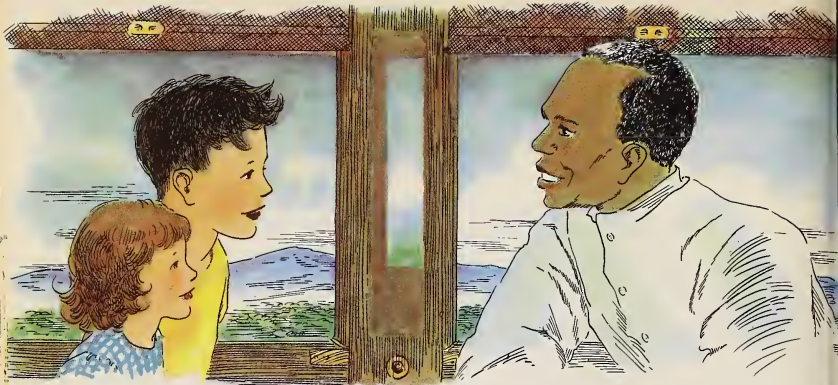
Soon everyone in the family was a good friend of the conductors.

One conductor was named Mr. Bell.

When the train stopped, Mother let the children get off.

She knew Mr. Bell would not let it start until they were on again.





Tom and Susan liked their porter, too. Sometimes when he was not working, they would go back to the end of the car and sit down with him.

"Have you been working on trains a long time?" Tom asked one day.

"I certainly have," the porter said.

"I began working on trains when I was just a boy.

And I am still working on trains.

And what is more, I am going to be working on trains just as long as they will let me."

"Do you like to work on trains?"

Susan asked.

"I certainly do," the porter answered.

"Maybe you don't know why, but Tom knows, don't you, Tom?"

"Oh, yes," Tom said, "I think anyone would want to work on a train."

"Nothing like it," said the porter.

"Sometimes at night when all the people in the train are sleeping, I sit here in the dark just thinking.

I hear the engine going Oo-aw-oo-aw, Oo-aw-oo-aw! Ooo-aw-oo-aw!

I know the people in the towns and on the farms are hearing it. And they are wishing they could be on my train going and going and going. But I don't wish it, because I AM going."

"Don't you like to go to your home?"  
Susan asked.

"Certainly," the porter said. "And I do go home. The train that takes me away takes me back home again.

And on my way back I sit here again, and I look at the towns and the farms as we go by.

I know that the people all along the way see the train coming back.

I know they sit and wonder where that train went.

But I don't wonder, because I went with it."



## There at Last

When it was time to get off the train, the porter came to take the baggage.

"This is the city where they make so many moving pictures," he said.

"Are you going to see how pictures are made?"

"We want to," said Tom.

"You will see lots of things here that you don't see at home," the porter said.

"I guess that is why people travel."

"Where will we sleep?" Susan asked when Father picked up the baggage.

"We have some rooms at a hotel," Father said.

"We will take our baggage there, and then we can see the city."



“My, a lot of people must live here,” Susan said when they came to the hotel where they were going to stay.

“Yes,” laughed Father, “but just for a few days when they make a trip to the city.

This is a hotel, and people who travel pay to stay here.”

First, the Whites went to see how moving pictures were made.

It was a surprise to everyone to see the big machines that took the pictures.

But it was a bigger surprise to see how many workers were needed to make just one little part of a moving picture.

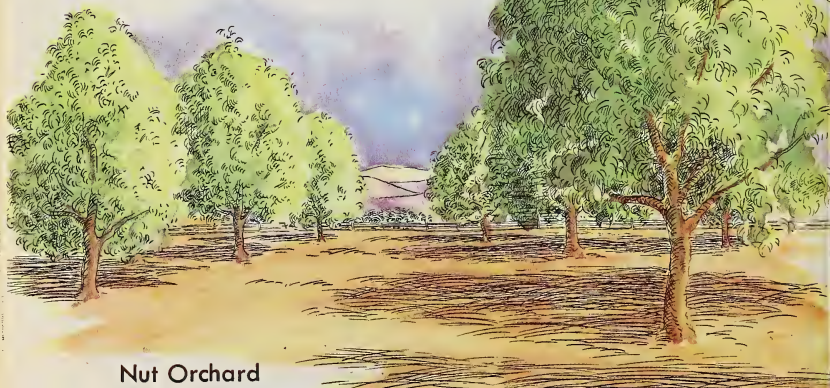


The next day the Whites took a trip into the country.

"Now," said Father, "we can see where stores at home get some of the fruit and nuts they sell us."



Fruit Orchard



Nut Orchard



On the way back to the city there were lots of little houses right by the water.

The Whites had never before seen a neighborhood like that one.

Fishing was the way all the fathers in that neighborhood made their money.

Out on the water were the boats that the men used when they went to catch fish.

The Whites got out of the car and walked down near the water.

"I see three men fixing something," said Susan.

"Yes," said Father. "That is what the men use to catch fish. They don't use a fishing pole as I do when I fish.

Fishing is their work, and they must catch all they can at one time."



There was one big building where fish were being put into cans.

"I have never seen so many fish at one time," Mother said.

"No wonder there are so many fishing boats out on the water."

Tom looked at the name on the cans and said, "We buy that kind of fish in the grocery store at home."

"Yes, I know," said Mother.

"After this, whenever I buy fish I will think of this place.

And I will think of the people who live and work here."

"Me, too," Tom said. "And when I go to the moving pictures, I'll know how they are made, because I saw a picture being made."

"Father," Susan asked, "do we send anything from our neighborhood at home to the people out here?"

"Not from our neighborhood, but from our city," Father said.

"Some of the workers who live in our neighborhood at home make clothes and shoes that people out here buy.

Some of the corn that grows in our part of the country is sent out here. Some of the wheat is sent here, too."

"I didn't know that," Susan said.

"I guess that is why there have to be so many trains and trucks and planes."

"You are right," said Father.

"I don't think there is any part of this country that doesn't get things from another part."

"It was a good thing for us to go away from home," Mother said.

"We found out how many kinds of work and workers it takes to make the things that people need.

And we saw kinds of neighborhoods that we had never seen before."

"And now," Father said, "it's time we went back to our part of the country. Our vacation is just about over."

"Oh, I don't want to go," Susan said.

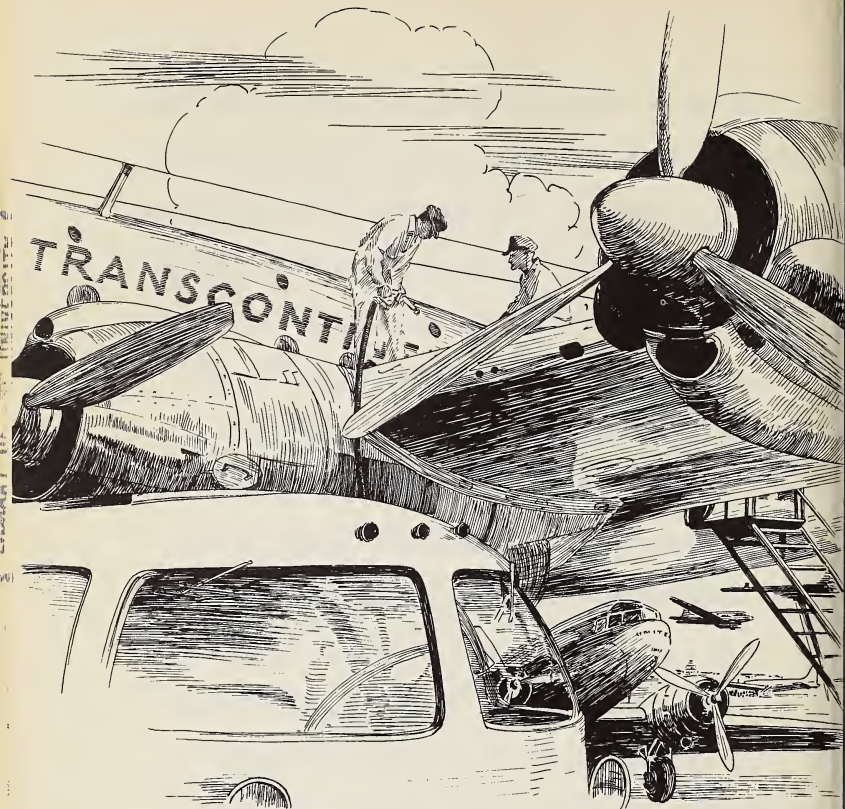
"Don't want to go!" said Father.

"Don't want to ride in an airplane!"

"In an airplane!" Tom and Susan said.

"Oh, Father, let's start right now."

"Well, not right now," laughed Father, "but in the morning. In the morning we start home in an airplane!"



## Going Home

The next morning at the air field many workers were getting the planes ready to go up.

Soon Mr. and Mrs. White, Tom and Susan and Peter, and some men and a woman with a baby came down the road in a big, long car.

The air field was a long way from the city, and the airplane company had its own cars to take people out to it.

This was one of the cars.

Five of the men in the car were going on the same plane as the White family.

Four men and the woman with the baby were going in another plane.

And one of the men was not going on any plane at all.

He worked for the airplane company.

All day long he took people from the city out to the air field, and from the air field to the city.

“When will the plane start?” asked Tom.

“Can we get on now?” asked Susan.

They couldn’t wait to see what a plane was like.

They knew that a train has a baggage car and a mail car.

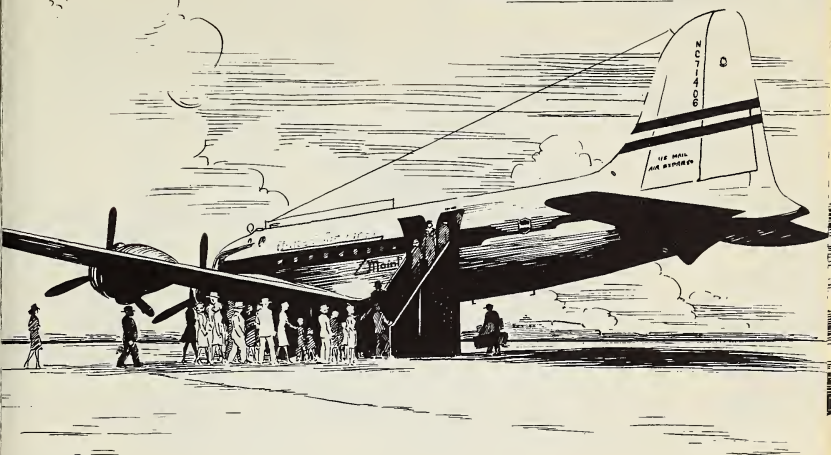
They knew about the engineer, and they knew his helper was called a fireman.

They knew there was one car where people ate and another car where they could hear the radio and read.

They knew who took the tickets and where the food was cooked. And they knew how porters made up the beds at night for people in the sleeping cars.

But they had never been on a plane.

They wanted to find out everything about it.



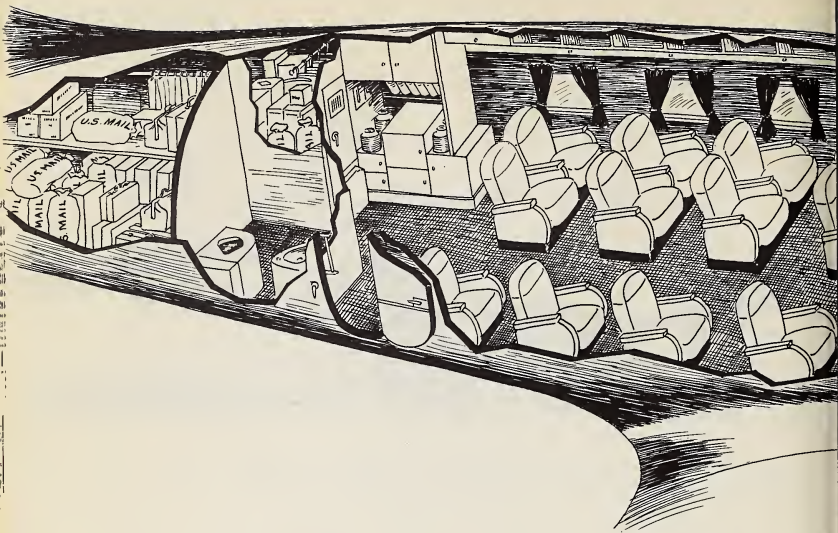
"Maybe a plane is like a sleeping car and has a lot of little rooms," Tom said.

"I know one way that planes are not like trains," Susan said to Tom as they were waiting. "They don't have a lot of cars.

Where do they put the baggage and where do we eat and sleep?"

"Come, children," Mother called.

"We are going to get on now."

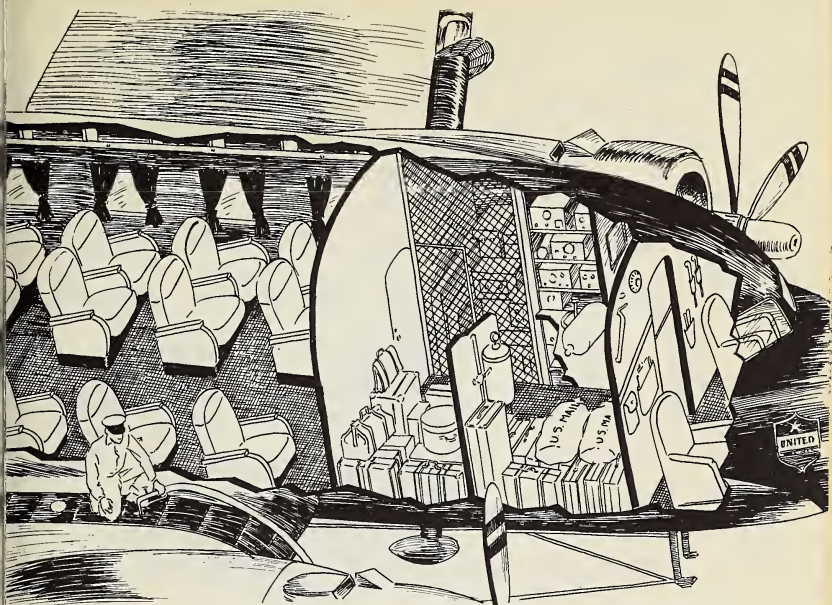


## All over the Plane

Tom was right. There were rooms in the plane. Some for baggage and some for mail, and there was one room where two men sat to run the plane.

Look at the picture and you will see all these rooms.

You will see everything Susan and Tom saw as they walked around in the plane.



Miss Long took both children and let them see everything there was to see on the plane.

It was part of her work to help people have a good time when they traveled.

Find out what a woman who does this kind of work is called.

Find out what the two men who run the plane are called.

## In the Air

"Where do we eat?" Susan asked.

"All the people on this plane couldn't get into that wee little room where you said the food was."

"You don't eat in that room, and I don't cook in it," said Miss Long.

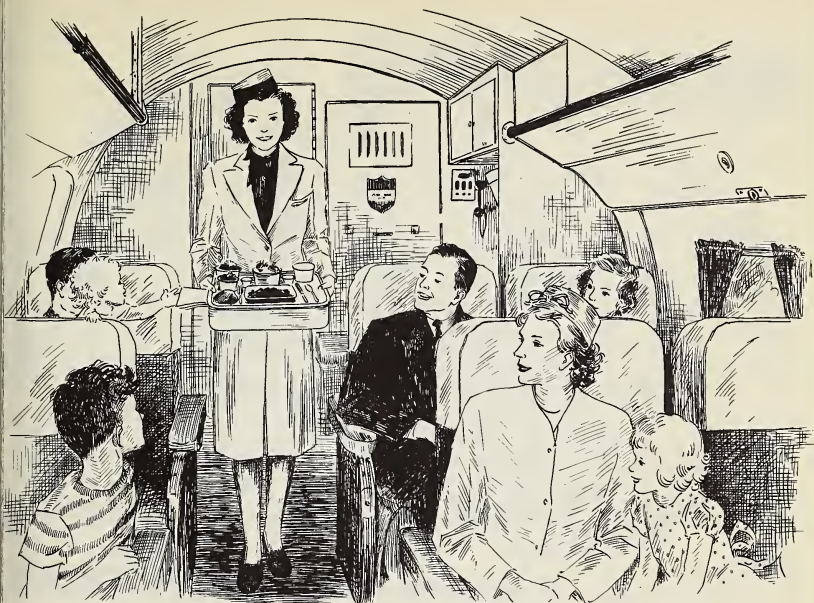
"But you will have a good lunch just the same.

You will eat at your seats."

"There is no porter on this plane," Susan said. "Do you fix our beds?"

"This plane doesn't have beds in it," Miss Long said. "You may put the back of your seat down so you can sleep.

Now run to your seats, and I'll have a good lunch ready soon."



When Miss Long came in with lunch, it was just as good as she had said it would be.

"You said you couldn't cook for all of us in that room," Tom said.

"But I didn't cook in that room," laughed Miss Long.

"The food you ate was cooked before we started."



Miss Long had a picture of the place in the city where the food was cooked and put on the plane.

"You see," she said, "I put the food where it will stay hot. Then I take it to your seats when you are hungry."

"Oh," said Susan, "planes are not the same as trains. But I like them."

"So do I," said Tom.

Planes go faster than trains, but they don't go to every town and city.

This plane did not go over Newhill. So the Whites were going to get off at Central City and stay all night at a hotel.

The next morning they would take a bus to Newhill.

"Is this Central City?" Tom asked as the plane began to come down.

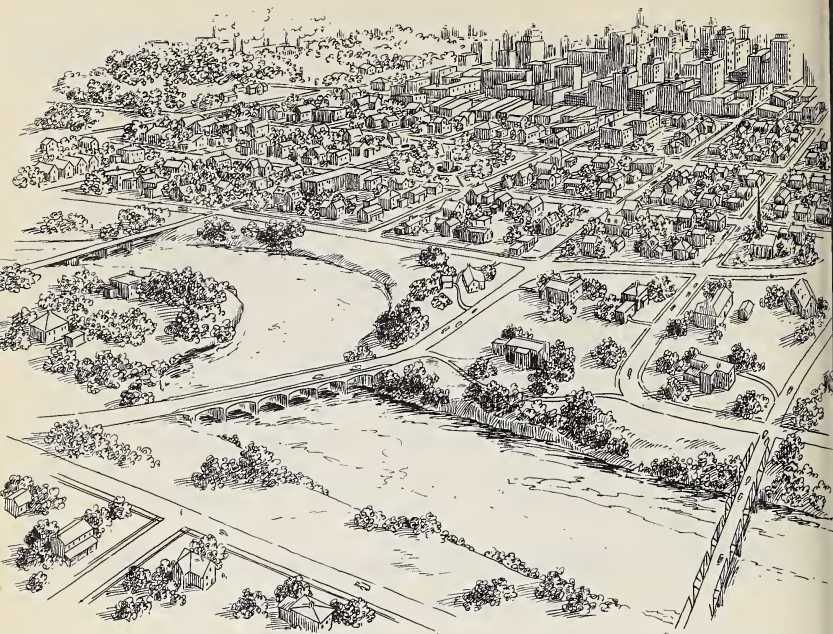
"Yes," said Father. "Think of it!

We just got on the plane this morning and here we are.

It took two days and three nights to make the trip on the train."

"I know," Tom said. "It took us that long when we went.

Planes go much faster than trains."



"Look," called Susan. "We can see all over the city.

It looks like Newhill."

"And like that city we came down in just after lunch," Tom said. "I can see lots of big office buildings and stores. Around them are the houses of the people who work in the buildings and stores."

"Firemen and policemen live there, too," Susan said. "And maybe a father who owns a bakery like Mr. Brown's."

"And mailmen live down there in one of those neighborhoods," Tom said.

"And engineers and conductors and porters, too."

"Yes," laughed Mother, "in every city there are neighborhoods just like ours.

All kinds of workers live in them, and their houses are very much like ours."

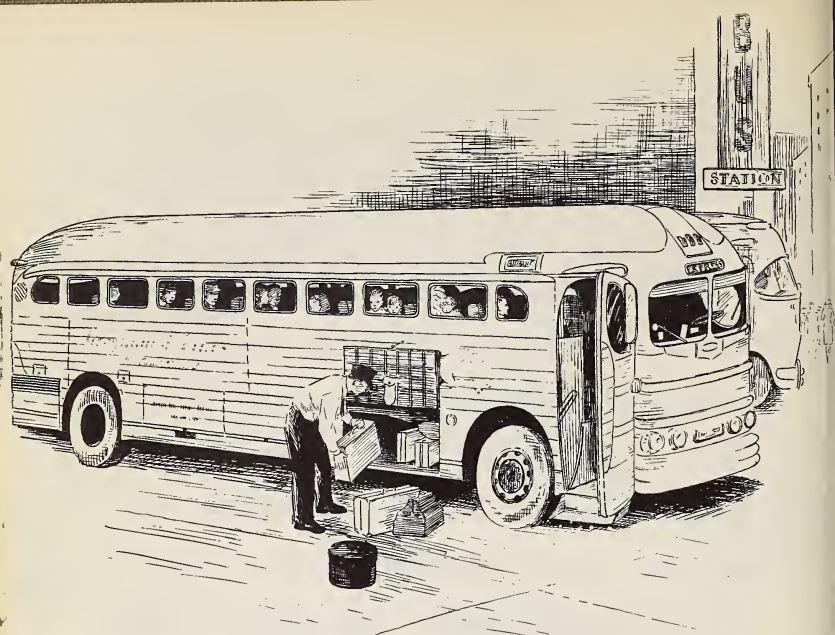
"There are schools down there, too," Susan said, "and playgrounds and parks. And there are people in them."

"And children, too," said Peter.

"Oh, yes, Peter," Mother said.

"Children. Lots of children.

Always children."



## By Bus and by Taxi

The next morning they started home on the bus.

"I like the plane better," Susan said.  
"This bus is slow. It stops too much."

"But," said Tom, "that is why we are going on the bus. It stops at Newhill and the plane doesn't."

Once the bus stopped at a lunch room, and everyone got out to eat. Then they went on again.

"Now we have had rides on a train, an airplane, and a bus," Susan said.

"I guess that is all."

"Taxis," said Tom. "We have had lots of rides in taxis on this trip.

Will we go home in a taxi when we get to Newhill, Father?"

"We will," said Father.

And they did.

"724 Pringle Street," Mr. White told the taxi man at the Newhill Station.

"Peter, did you hear that?" Tom said.

"Do you know where we are going? Do you know who lives at 724 Pringle Street?"

"Jip!" said Peter.

Peter was right.

724 Pringle Street was Jip's home and Peter's home, too. And 724 Pringle Street was where the taxi was taking them as fast as it could go.

"Will Jip be home when we get there?" Susan asked.

"Oh, yes," Mother said.

"Grandfather and Grandmother and Jip were coming to the city this morning."

The taxi turned into Pringle Street and stopped.

Bow-wow-wow! Wow-wow-wow-wow!

"It's Jip! He sees us," called Tom.

"Jip! Jip!" called everyone.

"Hello, Jip! Here we are! Jip!

We are home!"

Bow-wow-wow! went Jip.

# From One to Another

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WORKERS WHO SEND

OUR MESSAGES



## Workers Who Send Our Messages

Did the mailman ever bring a letter to you? Maybe the letter said, "Happy Birthday." Did it?

Did the letter come from someone in the city or town where you live, or did it come from some place far away from your home?

Maybe you have had a letter from another country.

Have you?

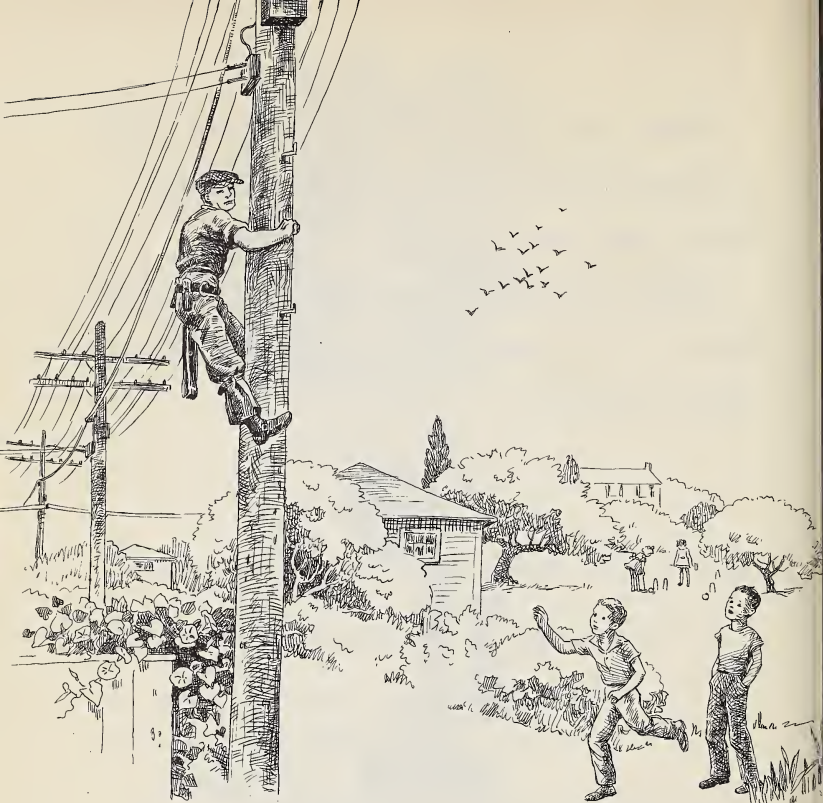
When you are in the same room with a friend, how can you let him know what you are thinking?

When you both are in the same town, how can you talk to him without going where he is?



Think of other ways in which people can send messages from one place to another.

Tell of some message that has come into your home over the radio.



## I Dare You

Up, up, up the telephone pole went  
a telephone man.

"I am going up, too," Billy said.

"Just watch me climb away up high."

Billy liked to TALK BIG.

The telephone man looked down and saw Billy coming up the pole.

“You! Boy!” he called. “Get down!”

And Billy did get down—faster than he had climbed up. But as soon as he was down he began to TALK BIG again.

Not to the telephone man. Oh, no!

He did all his talking to Tom.

“That telephone man can’t stop me,” he said. “I can climb that old pole any time I want to.

That is the pole for the telephone in our house, and I can climb it if I want to.”

That was not so.

A telephone company owns its poles, and no one must climb them but men who work for the telephone company.

Billy waited until the man had left, and then he said, "Go up, Tom. You can climb up first if you want to."

"I don't want to," Tom said.

"My father doesn't want me to climb telephone poles."

"Aw-w," Billy said, "you are afraid. I dare you to climb.

I just dare you."

Tom was not afraid to climb, but he really didn't want to.

"Tom can't take a dare," sang Billy.

"He is afraid of the telephone man."

That was too much for Tom.

"I am not afraid. I can, too, take a dare," he said.

And he began to climb up the pole as fast as he could climb.



Suddenly Billy called, "Oh, Tom!  
Here come your Father and Susan.  
Hurry! Hurry down, Tom!"

Billy knew that Tom should not climb  
that telephone pole. He knew Tom's father  
had told him not to climb telephone poles.

And Tom knew it, too. He wanted  
to come down, but he was afraid.

Tom was afraid to go up and afraid to come down.

Suddenly his feet began to slide, and down he fell.

Father and Susan came running.

"Tom, are you hurt?" Father asked.

"I . . . guess . . . not," Tom said slowly.

"Where . . . is . . . Billy?"

Billy was not there. Billy had left.



"Oh, Father, he dared me to climb," Tom said. "Billy dared me to climb."

"And you took the dare," said Father. "I thought you were old enough to do your own thinking."

Don't you know that no one but men who work for the telephone company should ever climb those poles?

Your mother and I have told you that. You didn't forget it, did you?"

"No, sir," said Tom.

"Well, we will talk more about that some other time," his father said.

"We can just be glad now that you were not hurt."

After this, do your own thinking. And don't take any more dares."

"YES, SIR," said Tom.

## Knowing How

"Get your hat," Tom's father said the next morning.

"You and I are going to take a trip."

Tom didn't know what to think.

His father didn't say anything until they were in the car and going down the street.

Then he began to talk.

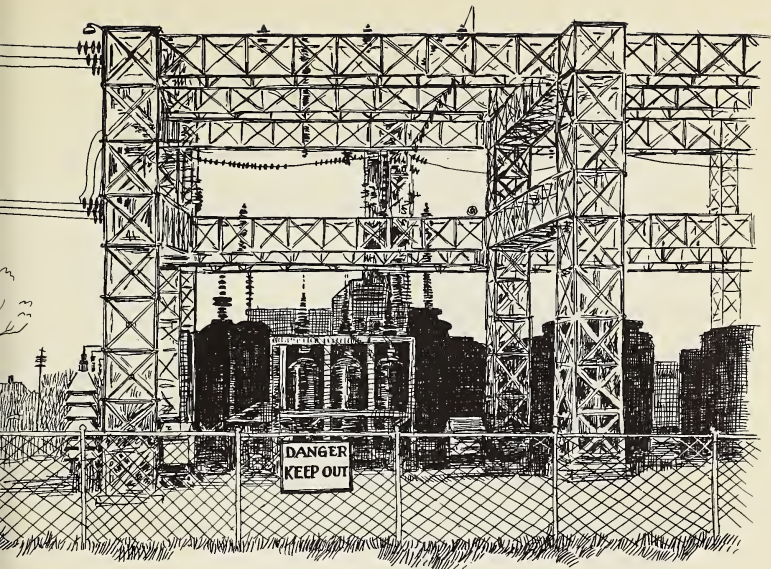
"Tom," he said, "when I think of you taking that dare . . .

going up that pole . . .

when I think what that electricity could have done to you . . . ."

He didn't say anything more until they were out of the city.

Then he stopped the car.



They stopped right by a sign.

"There, Tom!" Father said. "That is what I want you to see. That is where we get electricity for our city.

Electricity is a wonderful thing, Tom. But you have to know how to use it, or it can hurt you.

See that sign. You can't play around with electricity."

Just then Mr. White saw some men on a telephone pole fixing wires.

"See," he said, "those men know how to make electricity run our telephones and our machines.

Other men are still thinking about it, and learning new ways to use it.

They are people who help the rest of us to live better."

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"Electricity is a very good thing," Mr. White told Tom.

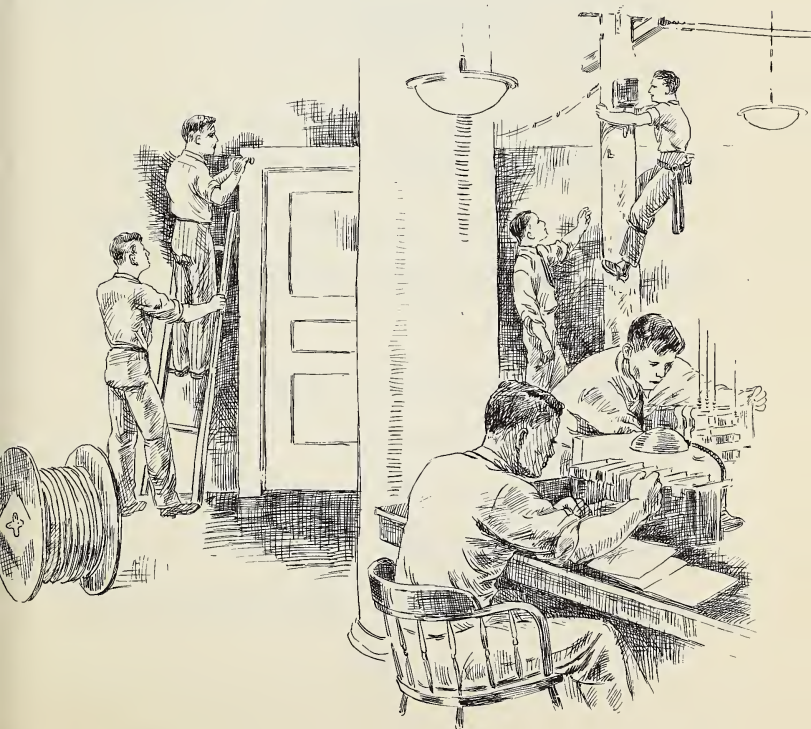
"But the kind of people who don't use it right can get hurt or hurt others with it."

Soon Mr. White stopped the car at a big building which was owned by the telephone company.

In the telephone building they met a man named Mr. Gray.

He took them into a big room where there was a telephone pole.

"This is a school where our workers can learn to climb telephone poles," Mr. Gray said.



"I didn't know men went to school to learn to climb poles," laughed Tom.

"Yes," Mr. Gray said. "And they learn many other things.

These men are learning how to fix the wires and put in telephones and take care of them.

Our workers have to learn how to use many kinds of machines, too.

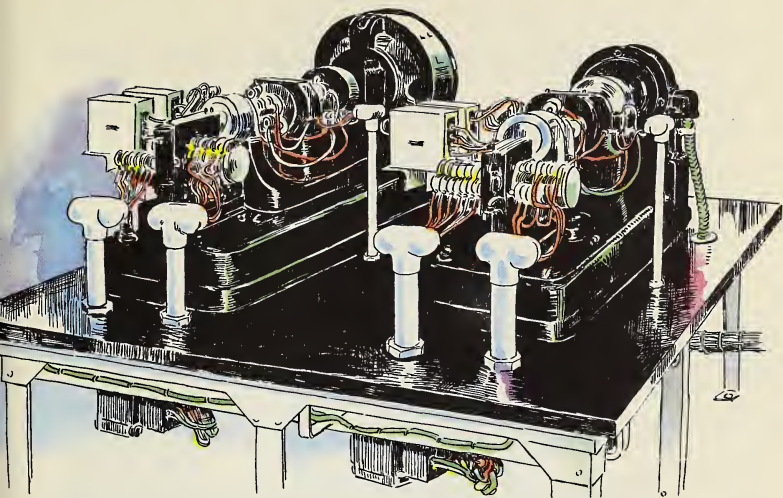
These machines are needed to make our telephones work.

Let's go to the next floor, where you will see some of the machines we use."

Upstairs Tom saw so much that his head began to go round.

"What is that?" he asked. "And that—and that—and that?"

How does it work? What does it do?"



The machine that Tom liked best was a ringing machine.

"It is a machine like this that makes a telephone ring," said Mr. Gray.

"Do men learn to make this machine at your school?" Tom asked.

"No," said Mr. Gray.

"There are many other schools where men learn to make machines."

"Father," Tom said on the way home, "when I am old enough, I want to learn how to make machines.

I want to make a kind of machine that no one has thought of.

But by that time people will know how to make everything."

"I should say not," said Father.

"No matter how good anything is, it can always be made better.

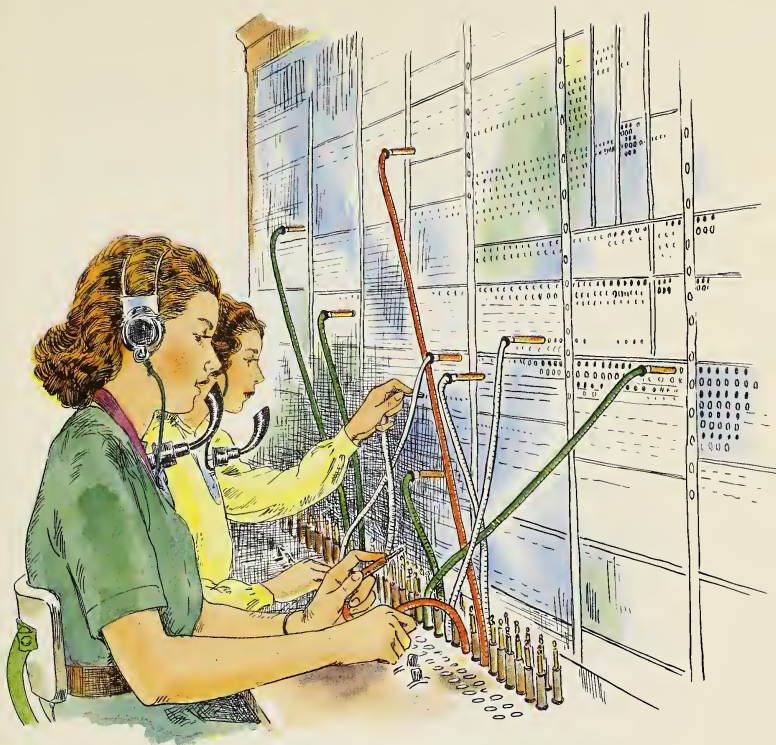
It takes time and money to learn to make machines, but if that is what you want to do, we will find a way."

"Oh, Father, I do," Tom said.

"Fine!" said Father, "but Tom . . . ."

"Yes, Father."

"Until then, don't forget what I said about climbing telephone poles."



## Central

“Number, please,” says a girl when you make a telephone call.

Every telephone has a number.

When you tell Central what number you want, she can get it for you.

You do not have wires running from your telephone to every other telephone, do you?

No, you have just one wire and it runs into one building in your town or city. All the other telephone wires run into this building, too.

Telephone calls on all these wires come into this central place.

When you tell Central the number you want, she can switch your wire to the wire that runs to your friend's telephone.

Then you can talk to your friend just as if there were one long wire from your telephone to his.

The picture on page 163 shows how Central can switch the wires so you can talk to someone on another wire.

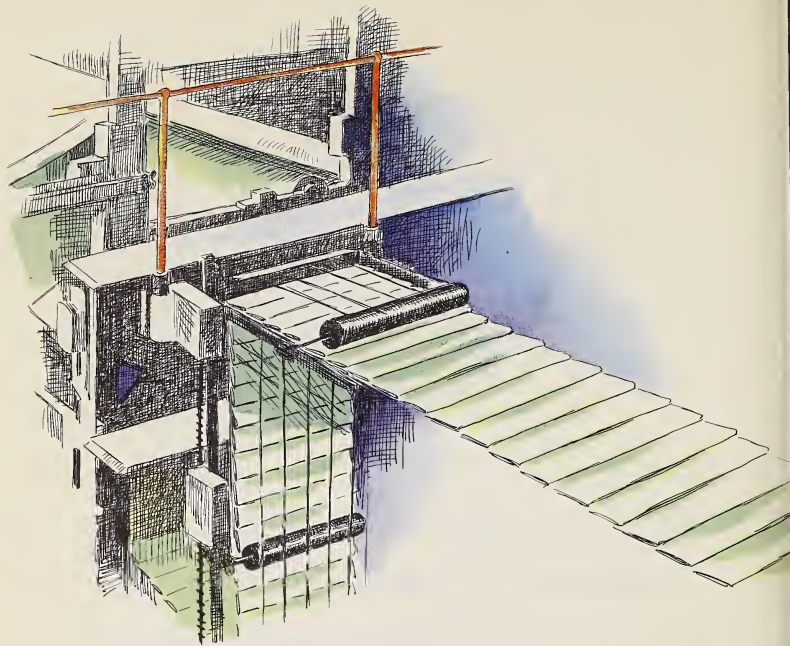


There are many kinds of telephones.  
Maybe your telephone looks like this.  
Then you do not have to call Central  
at all to get your number.

A machine will get your number  
for you.

What is this kind of telephone called?  
How do telephones help people?

Maybe someday you will be the one  
to make a machine just as wonderful  
as the telephone.



## Your Newspaper

Every day men and machines put news on paper.

When we read a newspaper, we learn what is going on everywhere.

What is the name of the newspaper that your father buys?

How do you get the newspaper  
at your house?

If a newsboy brings it, do you know  
his name? What is it?

How many pennies do you have to pay  
for each paper?

How many pennies does the newsboy  
earn for bringing each paper?



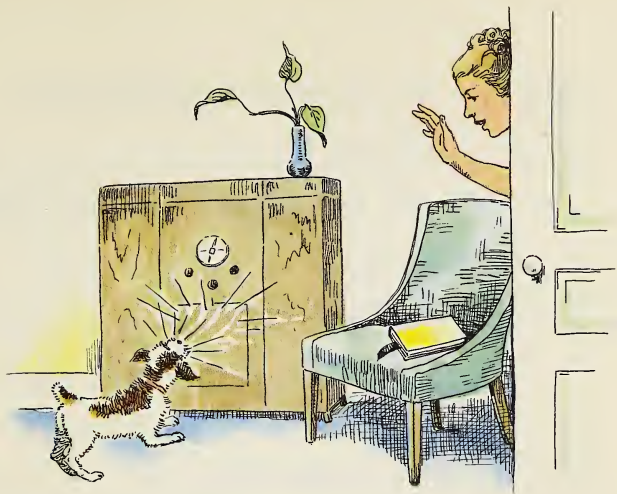


## A Radio Station

This radio station is in a city that is far away from Newhill.

But Tom and Susan can hear the show over their radio. They can hear it just as well as they could if they were at the station.

What must they do to hear it?



## A Letter to Ring

"Jip, stop that noise!" Mother called.

"Children! Turn off that radio!"

Tom and Susan came running.

"Mother," they called, "don't make us turn off the radio, please! We want to hear Ring, the Radio Dog."

"Very well," Mother said. "But you will have to put Jip outdoors. He makes too much noise."

Ring was the wonderful talking dog in the radio show.

"How old are you, Ring?" asked a man in the show.

Wow! Wow! went Ring.

He was two!

Bow-wow-wow! went Jip.

"Oh, Jip," laughed Tom. "You think another dog is here, don't you? I'll have to put you out so we can hear the radio."

Tom missed part of the show when he put Jip out.

When Tom came back, another man at the radio station was talking.

"Just send us a letter," the man said, "and we will send you a picture of Ring."

A picture of Ring! That was what Susan and Tom wanted.

"Will it take very long for a letter to get to Greenfield where Ring lives?" Tom asked his mother.

"Yes," his mother said. "It will take three days and two nights for your letter to get there by train."

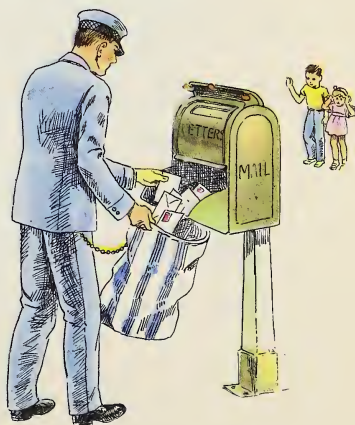
"Then," said Tom, "I think that I'll send it by plane. This summer we went faster by plane than we did on the train."

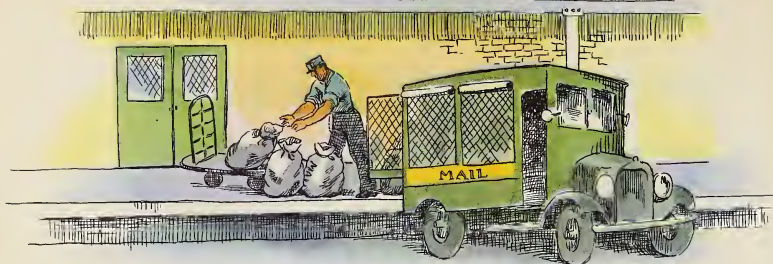
"Yes," said his mother, "and your letter will go faster by plane, too."

That was why an air-mail stamp was on Tom's letter when the mailman took it out of the box.

"Please don't let it get lost," Tom called.

"I certainly won't," said the mailman.





## Off to Greenfield

All day letters were going in and out of the neighborhood post office.

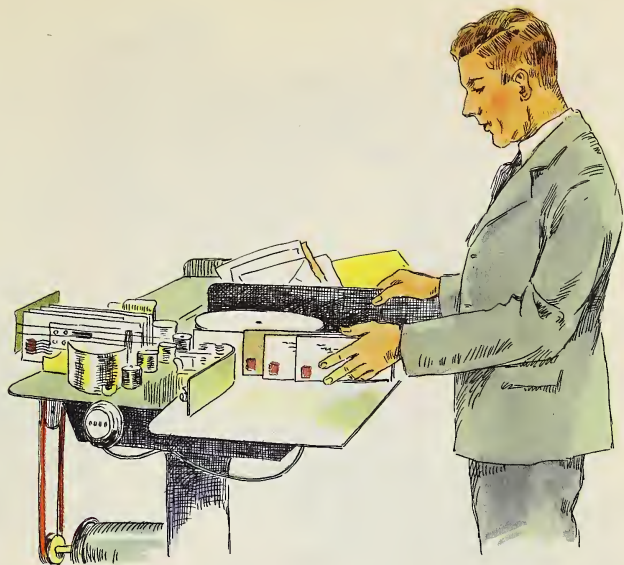
And that was where the mailman took Tom's letter.

Tom's letter had a stamp on it and it would not get lost.

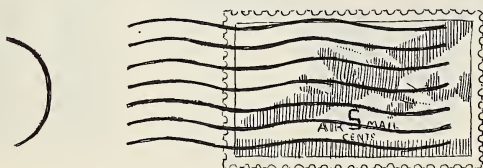
The city where it was going was very far away, but the letter would get there all right.

The men at the neighborhood post office would see to that.

They would take care of it and start it on its way.



In and out of a machine went the letter.  
Then the stamp looked like this.



Anyone could see that it had been used  
for sending one letter. It could never  
be used for sending another.



A lot of letters came into the post office that day. Some were going to one place and some to another.

No matter where a letter was going,  
the mailmen knew what to do with it.

They could sort the mail very fast.

Sort, sort, sort. One letter here,  
another letter there.

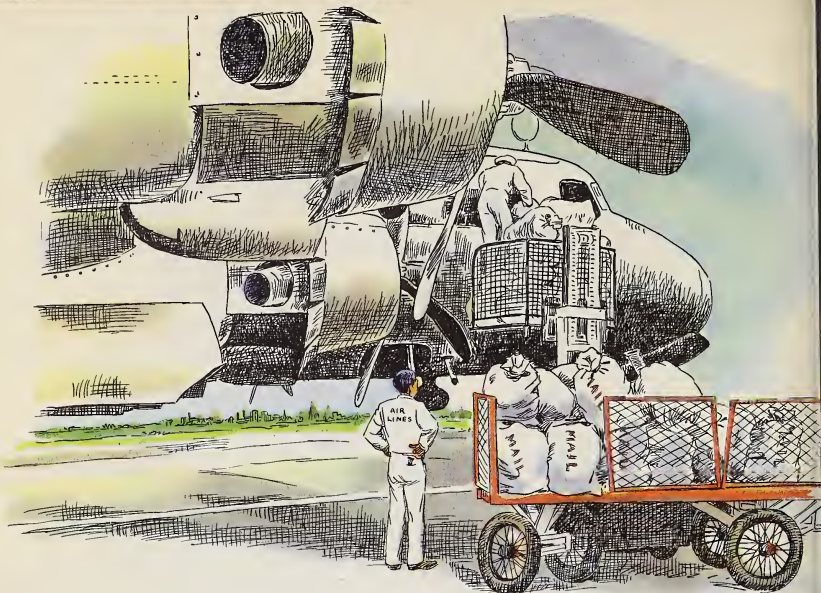
Tom's letter would go to the right city  
because he had put the name of the city  
where the mailman could see it.

When all the letters were sorted,  
some of them went into one bag and  
some went into another.

Tom's letter had an air-mail stamp  
on it, and so it went into a bag that  
was going by airplane.

A mailman put the bag into a truck  
with some other bags.

Away went the truck with Tom's letter  
to the air field.



At the air field a big mail plane was waiting and ready to go.

Up into the plane went the mail bags. Then up into the air and over the city went the plane.

It went right over Tom's house.

The men in the plane looked down and thought, "Maybe a letter we have here came from a house down there."

But they didn't really know.

Tom and Susan  
saw the airplane  
going very fast  
over their house.



"I wonder if  
our letter is in  
that very plane,"  
Susan said.

"It could be,"  
said Tom.

But he didn't  
really know.



That same day the plane came down at Greenfield, where the radio station was.

Away went the letter to the post office, and the next morning a mailman took it to the radio station.

It didn't stay there very long.

It was put into a bag with other letters that asked for a picture. Then a boy took the bag to the Better Dog-Food Company.

The Dog-Food Company had put Ring on the radio so that people would know about Better Dog-Food.

The man who owned the Company would send the picture to Tom.

He thought that if people liked Ring they would want to buy their dog food from the Better Dog-Food Company.

And a lot of people did.



There were letters from everywhere in that mailbag.

Tom's letter was in it, too.

A mail boy opened all the letters with a machine that worked very fast.

The letters asked for Ring's picture, and a picture was sent to everyone who asked for it.

"Look," said one of the mail girls when she saw Tom's letter. "I think Mr. Church would like to see this."

Mr. Church was the man who owned the Better Dog-Food Company.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Church when he saw the letter. "This is good, but it is a letter to Ring. So we must let Ring answer it."

This is the letter. Just see what Jip had put at the end of it!

to send me a picture  
of Ring.

His friend  
Jip White



## The Picture Comes

One, two, three, four days. That is a long time when you are waiting.

"Will my picture come by train or by airplane?" Tom asked his mother.

"By train," said Mother.

"It will take three days for a letter to come from Greenfield by train."

"It took a day for my letter to get to Greenfield by airplane," said Tom.

"So that makes four days in all."

"It may take a day or two more," said Mother. "You know it takes time for mail to go to and from post offices and the radio station."

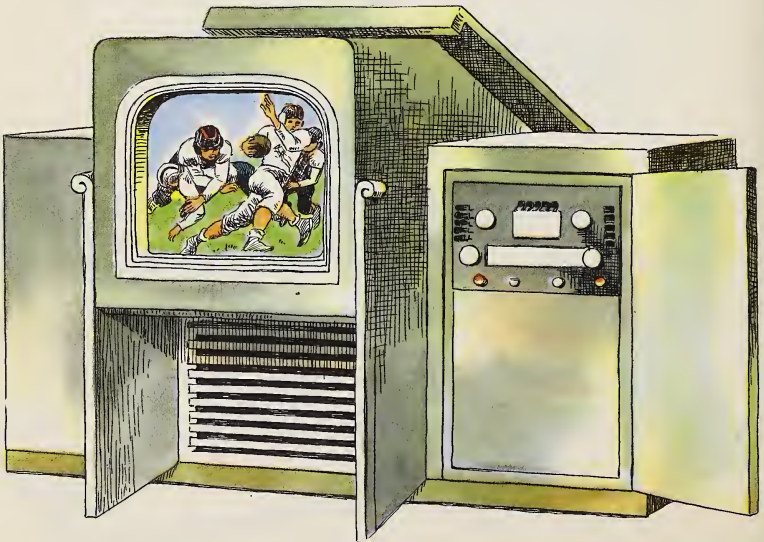
"Radio certainly is faster than trains or airplanes," said Tom.

"I wish they could send pictures over the radio," Susan said. "If they did, we could see things as soon as we could hear them."

"They do send pictures over the radio," said Mother.

"There is a new kind of radio that sends them."

The picture on this page shows you the kind of radio she was talking about.





The picture had been put on the train at Greenfield.

That very minute, men were working in one of the cars in the train.

It was the mail car, and the men who worked there were mail clerks.

The mail car looked just like a post office, and it was a kind of post office.

Too-oo-oo-oo! On went the train,  
day and night.

And at every station more mail was  
put on and off the train.

There was a lot of mail going from  
Greenfield to Newhill, and it was all  
in one bag with Newhill on it.

That mailbag would not be opened  
on the train.

It would not be opened until it was  
in the Newhill City Post Office.

But some bags had mail for more than  
one town in them.

The mail clerks opened those bags,  
took out the mail, and sorted it.

There was a box in the mail car for  
each town.

Into the right box went each letter.

The clerks in the mail car worked fast.  
After the mail had been sorted, it was  
put into bags again.

The mail for each town was put into  
a bag which had the name of that town  
on it.

Then it was ready to be put off the train.  
At every town, mail was put off the train,  
and more mail was put on.

The mail had to be put on very fast,  
for the train couldn't stop long.



Mail trains cannot get messages from one place to another as fast as radios or airplanes.

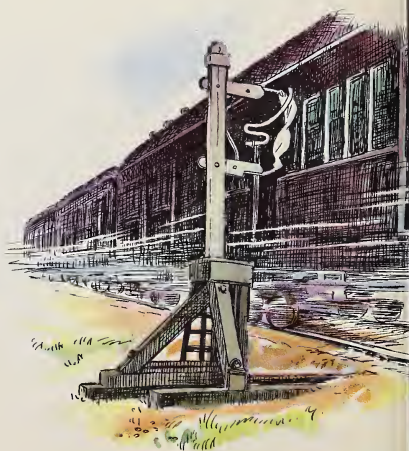
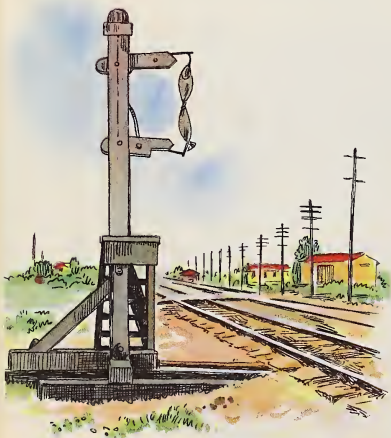
But no time is lost on trains if it can be helped.

At some of the little towns, the train didn't stop at all.

Not for one second!

But mail was put on the train, and mail was put off.

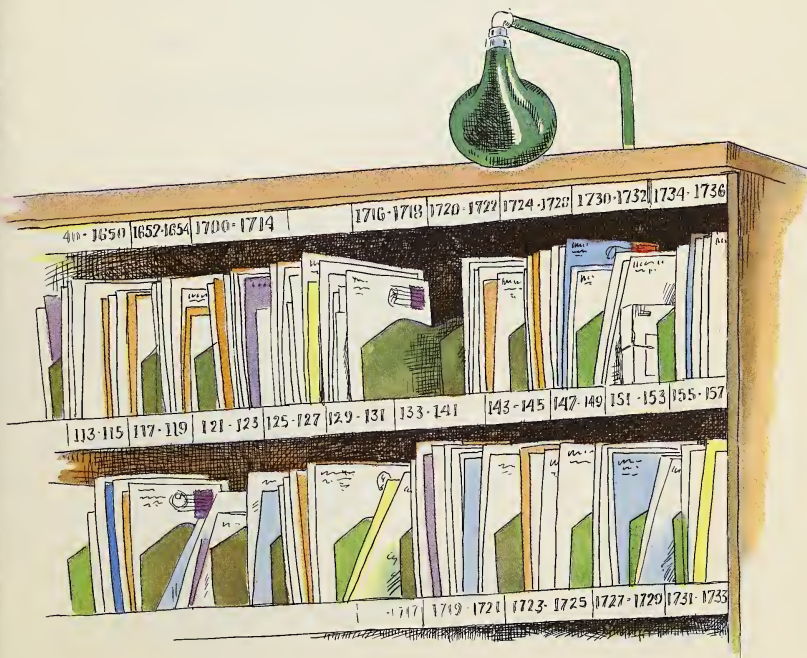
The train took the mail with a hook just as the picture shows you.



At last the picture of Ring came to Newhill and to the City Post Office.

When the mail was sorted, the picture was sent out to a small post office in Tom and Susan's neighborhood.

And there it was put with the mail for 724 Pringle Street—all ready for the mailman to take out the next day.



Tom was at the door waiting when the mailman came.

"Oh, Mr. Fields," Tom said. "I hope you have some mail for me today."

"Now, let's see," said the mailman, looking in his bag.

"Now, let's see. I must have a letter for you by this time.

Just wait a minute.

Yes, here it is," he said at last.

"Here is some mail that has come a long, long way."



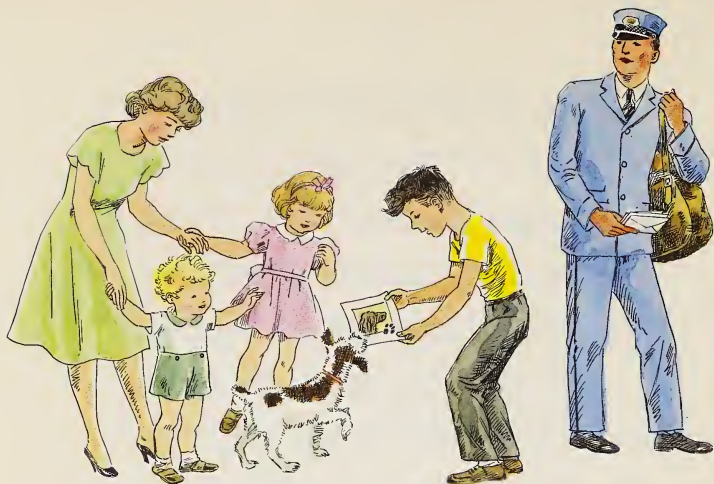
"Susan, Mother, Peter, Jip!"  
called Tom. "Come fast!  
See Ring's picture!"

The mailman had to see, too.

Ring had signed his picture just  
the way Jip had signed the letter.

Oh, not one of the other children  
in Tom's neighborhood had ever had  
a picture like that.





“Bow-wow-wow!” went Jip.

“Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow!”

“Jip doesn’t like Ring’s picture, does he?” Susan said.

“No,” laughed Mother, “Jip doesn’t like to hear Ring on the radio, and he doesn’t like Ring’s picture.”

“Maybe Jip is afraid you are going to get another dog,” said the mailman.

“Maybe that is why he doesn’t like the radio dog.”

## The Mailman Goes Home

The mailman was hot and tired.

He was very glad his work was over for that day.

"Going home!" he thought as he came to the street where he lived.

"I like that. I am hungry. I wonder what we are having for dinner . . . . Something good . . . . We always do."

And just then his three children, John and Jane and Jill Fields, saw him.



"Daddy," called John, "come and play ball with me. Come on, Daddy."

"Daddy!" said Jane. "May I go to the moving picture after dinner?"

It is all about a wonderful horse. My friends say it is the best picture they ever saw. Please, Daddy?"

"Me too, Daddy, me too," said Jill.

"No!" said their father. "No!"

"Please, children!" Mrs. Fields called. "Don't climb all over Daddy the minute he gets home. He is hot and tired."

"Tired!" said Father. "I should say I am tired. And hungry, too!"

Why did I ever think I wanted to be a mailman anyway? Walking, walking, walking, walking all day and every day!

What a way to make money!"



"Now," Mrs. Fields said, "let me take your hat. You just need to sit down and eat dinner. Go and get ready, and we will eat out under the trees."

As soon as their father went upstairs, John and Jane helped their mother take the food outdoors.

"I'll help, too," said little Jill.

"Oh, yes," Mother said, "you may take the fruit."



“It is fun to eat outdoors,” said Jane. All the family were hungry. They ate and ate and ate.

“I must tell you about something that I saw today,” said Mr. Fields. And he told about Jip and the radio dog’s picture.

The family laughed and laughed.

“Oh, my,” said John, “that is funny. Jip is a funny dog.”

"You know," Mr. Fields said, "I take mail to a lot of people day after day.

Sometimes I know what they want, and when I bring them mail that makes them happy, I am happy, too."

Mrs. Fields laughed and said, "But you were not glad to be a mailman when you came home today. You didn't want to be a mailman then."

"I know," laughed Mr. Fields. "I guess I was just tired and hungry.

No kind of work is easy when you are as tired as I was."

"Daddy," Jane said, "please could I go to the moving pictures now?"

"Moving pictures?" said her father.

"Why, yes. It's not too late.

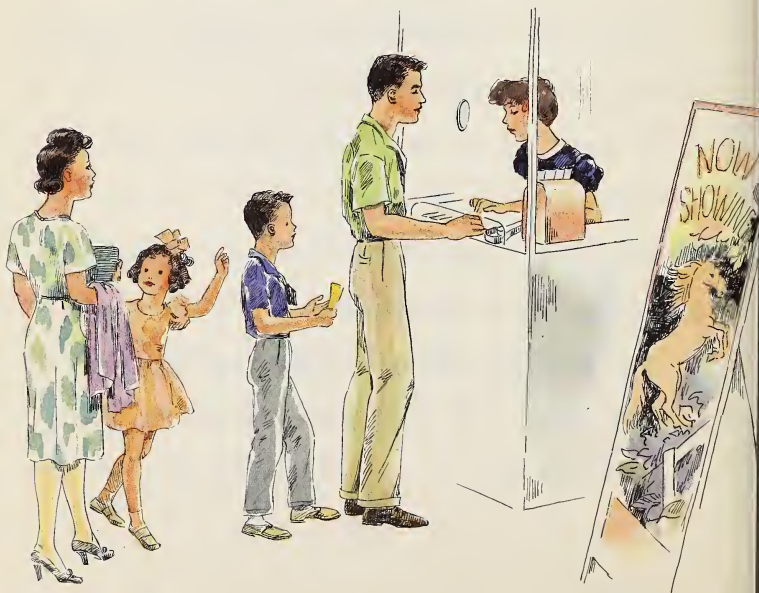
Let's all go."

The family got ready for the show.  
All but Jill.

She was too little to be up so late,  
and so her mother got Ruth Snow  
to come and watch Jill.

The rest of the family wouldn't go  
if no one was in the house with Jill.

So Ruth Snow earned some money,  
Jill had a good sleep in her bed, and  
her family saw the show.

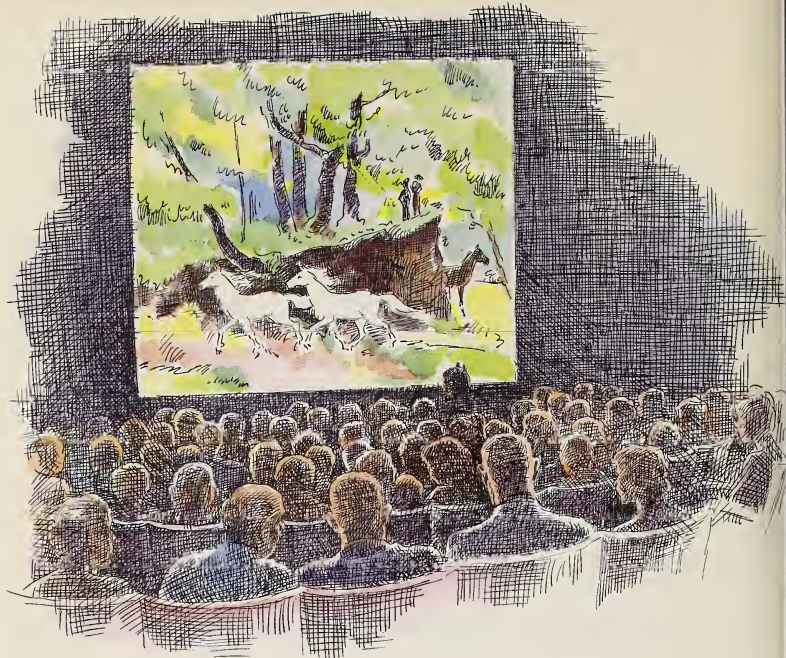


# Fun for Everyone

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WORKERS WHO HELP US

PLAY



## Workers Who Help Us Play

People go to a picture show to have a good time. They have so much fun that they never think about the workers who helped to make the picture.

Susan and Tom White never thought about all those workers until they saw a moving picture being made.



Here are some of the workers who help make moving pictures. They work so that you can have fun.

Workers are needed to help take care of playgrounds and parks, too, and workers are there to help you have a good time.



## Rich as the Pringles

The Pringles lived on Pringle Street. It was a pretty street, and it was named for Mr. Pringle's grandfather.

"Rich as the Pringles," Tom and Susan always said when they wanted to say "very rich."

No other house in the neighborhood was so fine or had so big a yard.

Sometimes little children would say,  
"When I grow up big, I hope I will be as rich as the Pringles. Then I can buy everything I want.

All the toys in the store!

And a big red merry-go-round to put in my big yard!"

"Look there," Susan said one day when the family was out walking.

"Look at the Pringles' yard.

Oh, Father! It is so beautiful!

I wish we were rich.

I wish we had a yard like that with beautiful trees."

"We have," said Father.

"Everyone in this city has."

"Our yard is pretty," Susan said.

"But it is not so pretty as this, and it is not very big."

"Joe and Nancy Summers don't have any yard at all," Tom said. "They live over a store."

"Maybe they don't have a yard and trees at home," said Father. "But they have them just the same."

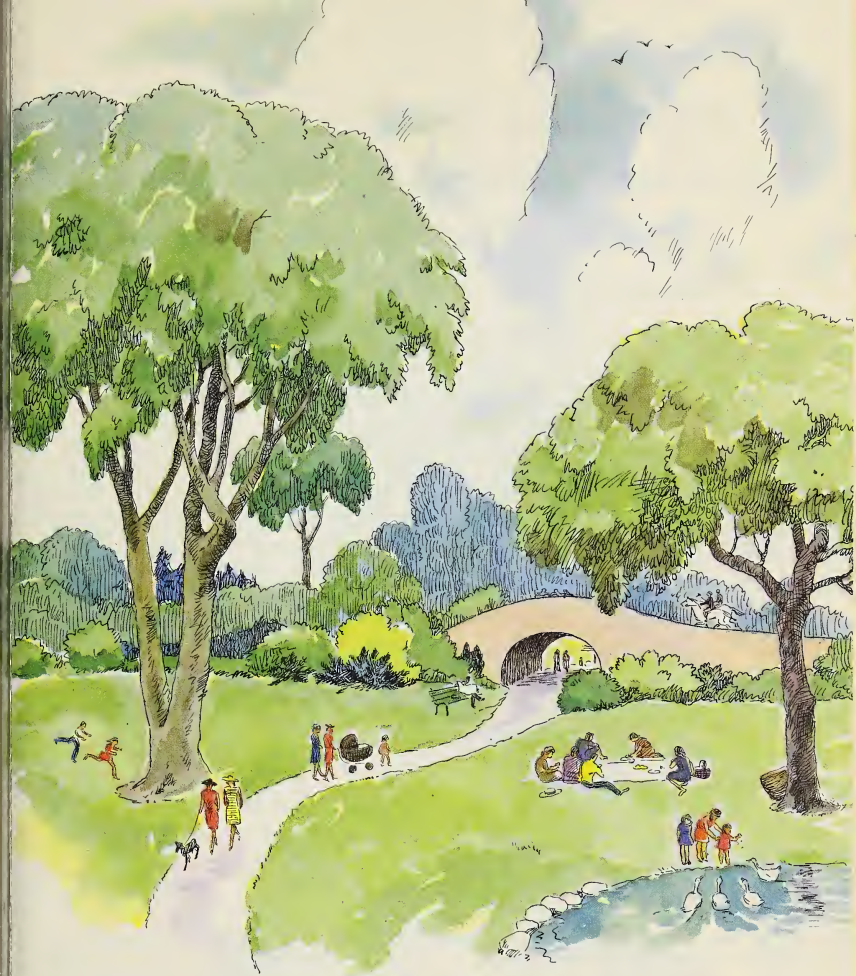
Let's all get in the car, and I will show you their beautiful trees and their big yard."

It was not long before the family saw what Father was talking about.

"Look," said Father. "Have you seen a yard more beautiful than this?"

Joe and Nancy own all of it.

Everyone in this city owns it."



It was the city park.

Oh, how beautiful it was!

The Whites went on around the park until they came to the animals in the zoo.

"Everyone in the city owns these, too," Father said.



"Do Tom and I own all this park and all the animals in the zoo?" asked Susan.

"Then I guess we must be very rich, because the Pringles don't have a yard this big, and they don't have animals in their yard."

"Oh, yes, they do," laughed Mother.

"Everyone in the city owns this park and everything in it.

So the Pringles own all this, too."

Everywhere in the park people were having fun.

Some of them were playing games, and some were taking boat rides.

Some of them were eating under the trees, and some were just walking around.

Suddenly Susan said, "Look. There are Nancy and Joe Summers."



The Summers family were cooking over a small fireplace in the park.

Both Tom and Susan called "Hello" as they went past.

"Father," said Susan, "I am so glad to know that everyone owns this park.

It doesn't matter if some people don't have big yards at home. They have this big park. And they can use it whenever they please."

## What Is a Tax?

"Father," said Susan as they left the park, "who pays for all the things in the park? Who pays the men who take care of the park and the zoo?"

"We do," said Father. "We pay taxes.

A tax is money we pay to run the city and all of our country. We pay a tax on our house and many other things.

We pay a tax on Jip, too."

"Yes, we pay a lot," Mother said.

"But after all, we can't run a country or a city without money."

"Yes," Father said, "I know that.

And in this country we do get a lot of good things back for the money we pay in taxes."

"What do we get for our taxes?" Susan asked. "Do I have any of it?"

"Oh, Susan," Tom said. "You have just seen two of the things we get for our taxes.

Taxes pay for this park and zoo."

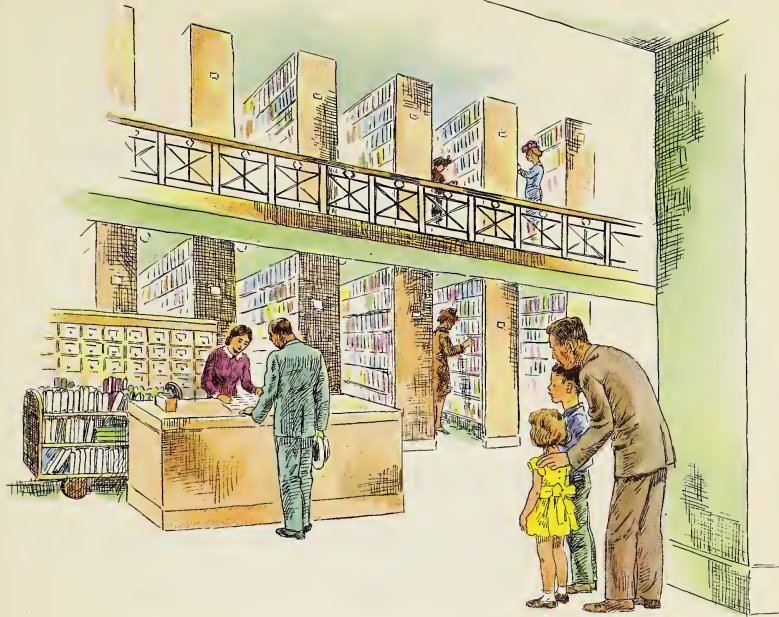
"And your schoolhouse," Father said as they went by the school. "Taxes pay for schools and teachers."

"And the neighborhood playground," said Mother. "You children wouldn't have so much fun if you didn't have a playground.

And don't forget the city library.

Let's stop there now. I want to get a book."

Father stopped the car, and they all went into the library.



“You see,” Father said in a whisper, “there are many, many more books here than rich people like the Pringles have in their homes.

You don’t have to be rich to read these books. You just have to take care of them and bring them back on time, so that others can read them, too.”

"Oh, I see," Tom said. "We would have to be very rich before we could own as many books as there are here.

But when all the people in the city own them and take turns reading them, everyone can have a big library."

"Yes, Tom," Father whispered, "but don't talk in a library.

If you must say something, whisper."

"I know," said Tom, "but I forget."

"There is a room here that has books just for children," whispered Susan.

"That's the room where Tom and I go whenever we come to this library to get our books."

"My, I didn't know that," said Father. "I always come to this room to get the books I read."

"Oh," said Tom in a whisper,  
"I guess you don't know about all  
the things your taxes buy."

"No," said Mr. White. "We fathers  
are pretty busy making money to pay  
our taxes.

That is why we don't always know  
about all the fine things our taxes  
are buying for us and our children."

Just then Mrs. White came back with  
a book.

"I am so glad I brought my library card  
with me today," she said.

"Now I won't have to make another trip  
to get this book."

"Then let's hurry home," said Father.  
"Do you know it's way past noon?  
I'm hungry."

## More about Taxes

A big city has places like the ones you see on these two pages.

Taxes pay for all of them.

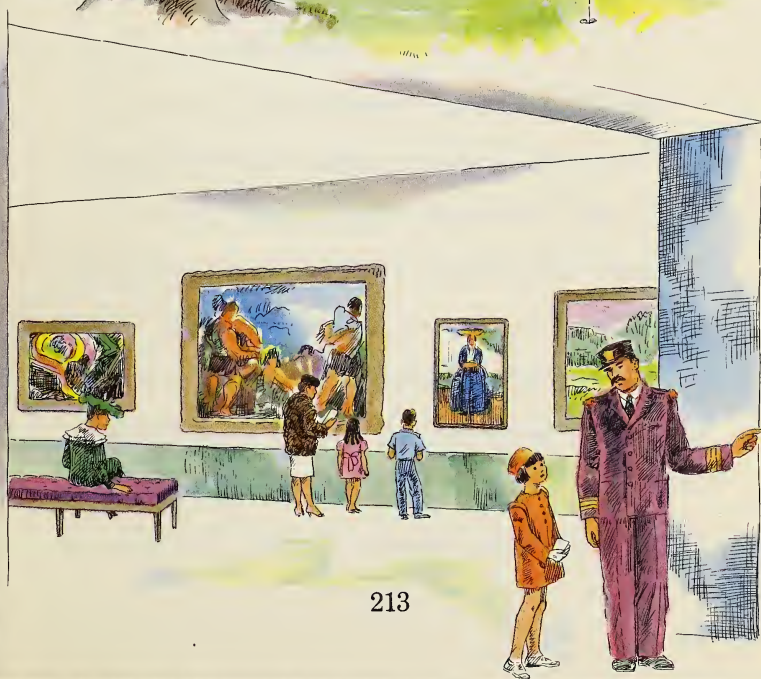
What are these places?

Which places are used just by big people?

Which ones are used by all the family?

Does your town or city have a place like any of these?







## Fun at the Library

The city library was a long way from the Whites' house. But a small library was right in their neighborhood.

That was where Susan and Tom and all their friends went to get books.

The neighborhood library had a room just for the children. And Miss Green was there to help them find the books they wanted to read.



One day Susan was in the library when Nancy's grandmother came in.

She brought a picture book that had Nancy's library card in it.

"Please, Miss," she said to Miss Green. "Do you have another book that is something like this?"

It is a story of the country where I lived when I was a little girl.

There is a picture in it that looks like the town where I once lived."



Oh, it was a beautiful picture!

"Look!" said Nancy's grandmother.

"See the little town on the hill!

See that girl!

She is doing the same thing I did when I lived there. And her clothes are the same as the ones I used to wear."

Susan wanted to see the book, too.

She went over to look.

"Miss Green," she said, "is there really a country that looks like this? Can people go there on a train?"

"Not all the way," said Miss Green.

"They would have to go part of the way on a boat or a plane.

But reading this book will make you think you are really going traveling."

Miss Green picked up another book.

"Here," she said, "this book tells about that same country."

"Thank you, Miss. I will take it," said Nancy's grandmother. "I want to show it to Nancy. She likes to see pictures of my old home.

I like to look at them, too."



All this time Susan was listening.

Listening and thinking!

"Didn't you ever want to go back and live in your country?" she asked.

"No," said Nancy's grandmother.

"That is not my country now.

This is my country where my home and my children are."

"Is this country more beautiful than your old country?" Susan asked.

"Not more beautiful," said the woman.

"But here we have more schools and more teachers and more of everything.

When I was a young girl, no school was near my home. I did not learn to read until I came to this country.

Here I learned to read in a fine school.

Here I have a library where I can get all the books I want to read.

And that is why I am so glad that this is my country now."

Then she took her book and went out.

"Oh, Miss Green," Susan said, "I am so glad we have a neighborhood library.

I like to come here, and I hope I can work here some day."

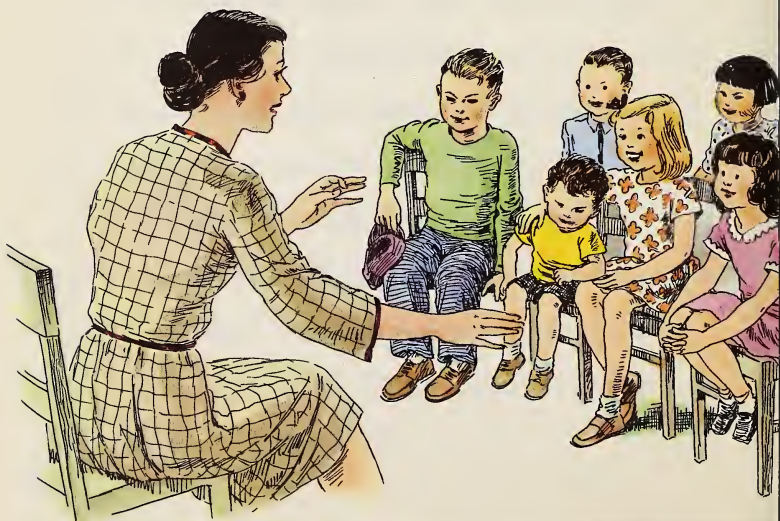
Just then Miss Young came in and said,  
"It is storytelling time."

So Susan and all the other children  
in the room sat down together to hear  
a story.

It was about a little boy who had  
some wonderful hats.

Some of the children could read it  
in a book if they wanted to, but they  
liked to hear Miss Young tell the story.

Storytelling time was fun.



## Books for Everyone

Anyone who wants to read library books  
has to have a library card.

A card was easy to get at the library in Tom and Susan's neighborhood.

You just had to tell Miss Green  
your name and where you lived, and  
then have your mother or father sign  
a paper.

The cards for  
big people were  
yellow.

Children's cards  
were like this one.

Does your library  
at home have  
cards like this?

[illegible]

Anyone who had a library card could take books out of the library. But you had to get them back on time or pay some money.

When you went to get a book, Miss Green would stamp the day on your card.

When you brought the book back, Miss Green would stamp that day on your card.

You could have a book for ten days without paying any money. But you had to pay two pennies for every day the book was late.

75 624  
 Susan White  
 724 Pringle St.  
 Newhill Ind.  
 is entitled to draw books from  
**The Newhill Public Library**  
 until Jan. 1 - 1950  
**DO NOT LOSE THIS CARD**  
 Borrowers must return books to the library on or before the date stamped on the card.  
 This card is valid for the use of one person only.  
 Fines: One cent per day for each day after the due date.  
 Overdue books may be renewed for another period of ten days.  
**JUVENILE CARD**

DATE ISSUED	DATE RETURNED	DATE ISSUED	DATE RETURNED
JUN 7	JUN 12		
JUN 12	JUN 26		
JUN 26	JUL 9		
JUL 9	JUL 10		
JUL 10	JUL 22		
JUL 22	AUG 1		
AUG 1	AUG 8		



Many of the children who got books from the library took very good care of them.

Then the books looked as good as new when they came back.

But sometimes a new book came back looking very old.

No one wanted to read it after that.

If you were the boy or girl who had brought back a book like that, you would have to pay for the book, or you could not take any more books out.

Do you take good care of books?



## Fun at the Playground

In vacation time Susan and Tom went to the neighborhood playground.

All summer long there were children on the playground having fun.

When it rained, they could play or paint or make things in the field house.

Miss Ball and Mr. Post were always in the field house ready and waiting to help the children paint or play games.

That was the way they earned money.

Day and night, that field house was a busy place.

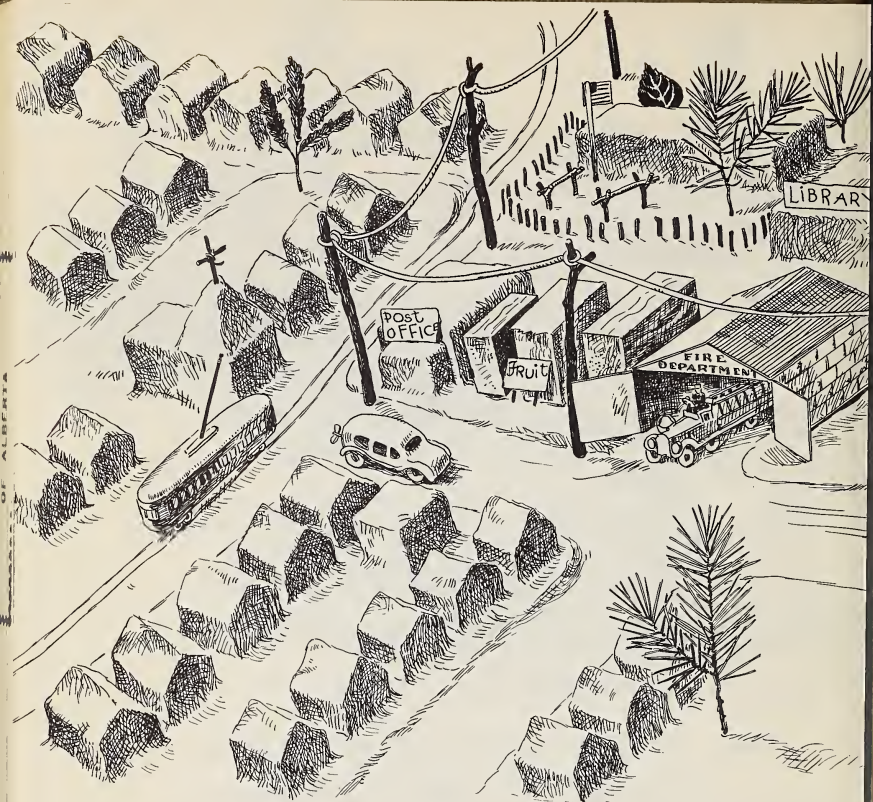
All the children of the neighborhood met there in the daytime to have fun. Then at night the mothers and fathers met there to have good times.

They sang or played games or they just talked about neighborhood matters.

Miss Brown was the worker who helped the big people have a good time.

Is there a field house or a playground in your neighborhood?

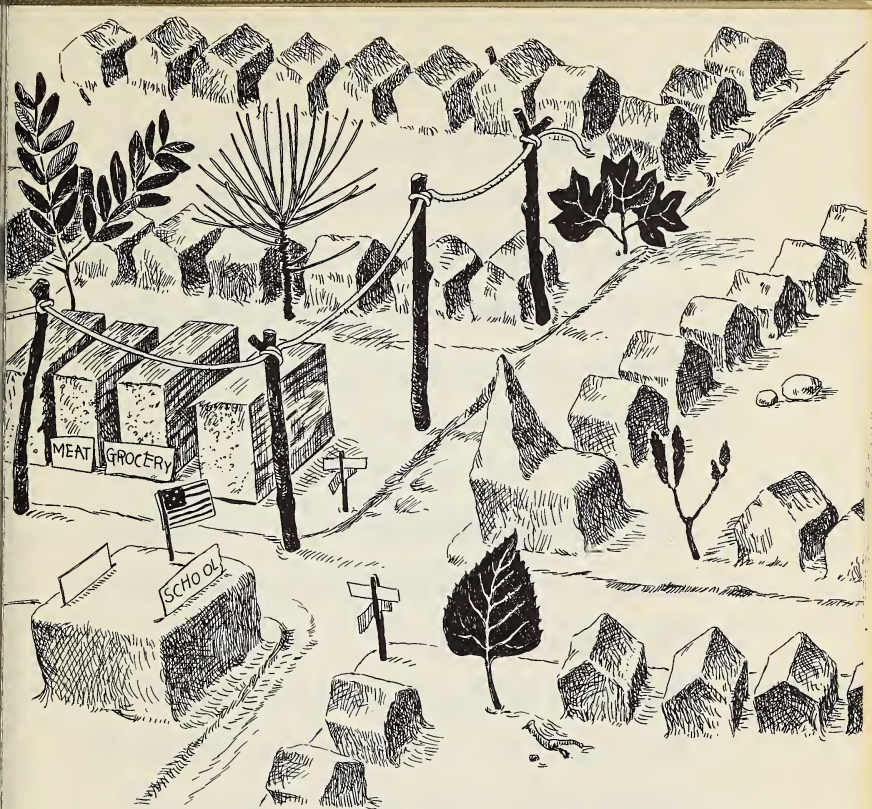
Is it just for children or do mothers and fathers use it, too?



## Making a Neighborhood

One afternoon Tom and Jack and John and Jim showed Miss Ball something they had been making of clay.

"Why," she said, "it's a little toy town. I didn't know you were making it."



"It's not a town," Jim said.

"It's part of our city.

It is our neighborhood."

"But it looks just like a little town," said Nancy. "There is just one school and two churches and a few stores."

"My home is in this neighborhood," Sally said. "I don't see my church or my house or my street."

"It would take too long to make all the houses and churches and streets," Tom said. "So we just stopped."

"Yes," Miss Ball said. "It's not easy to make a big neighborhood like ours. It takes lots of time."

"And lots of clay," laughed John.

"We used all the clay we could find."

"Just think," said Joe, "what a lot of clay it would take to make a city!"

"Yes," laughed Miss Ball, "there are many neighborhoods, and each one has churches and stores and houses.

All the neighborhoods together make a city."

"Was Newhill always a big city?" asked John. "Or did it start with just one neighborhood? Maybe Newhill started with this very neighborhood. Did it?"

"No," answered Miss Ball.

"The city started downtown where all the big buildings are.

At first it was just a very little town without a railroad. There were farms all around the town.

But at last the railroad was built, and the town began to grow fast.

More people came and built more houses, and a post office and a railroad station.

The town went on growing and growing. More and more buildings were needed, and more were built."

"Where did the town get room to grow?" asked Tom. "You said there were farms all around the town when it started."

"People began to buy the farms and use the ground for homes and other buildings," Miss Ball answered.

"The ground where this neighborhood is was once the Pringles' farm.

Their old farmhouse was on the spot where the big Pringle house is now."

"Well," said Tom, "we should have put the Pringle house in our toy neighborhood. I have always said it's the last house on our street, but it was really the first.

The Pringle house certainly should be in our toy neighborhood."

"Yes, it certainly should," said Jim as he ran to look for more clay.

# Not Too Soon

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WORKERS WHO

ARE LEARNING



## Workers Who Are Learning

One day on the playground everyone sat resting and talking together.

"Ten more days," Mr. Post said.

"Ten more days, and then all of us will be going back to school."

"Oh, Mr. Post," said John, "I thought you and Miss Ball were through school."

"We are through high school, John," said Mr. Post. "But now I'm going to school to learn to be a doctor, and Miss Ball is going away to school, too."

"Yes," said Miss Ball. "I want to be a teacher, and someday I'll be one."

Then I hope I will work right here in Newhill."

"I am going to be a teacher, too," said a high-school girl.

"And I want to be an animal doctor," said a boy.

"A nurse is what I am going to be," said Nancy Summers. "Would you like to be a nurse, Susan?"

"I don't know," said Susan, "but I know what Tom wants to be.

He wants to be a fireman."

"Oh," laughed Tom, "I just thought I wanted to be a fireman.

Now I know what I really want to do when I am big enough. I want to learn how to work with electricity.

Someday soon I'll know how to make radios and telephones and all kinds of machines that run with electricity.

But not too soon!

I'll have to go to school a long time."

"Well," said Joe, "I have always said I wanted to be a fireman. And that is what I am going to be when I grow up.

Some of us boys who think we want to be firemen have to be firemen, or there would be no one to put out fires.

We do need firemen, don't we, Mr. Post?"

"Yes, we certainly do," said Mr. Post.

"Just think of it!" said Miss Ball.

"Someday soon you boys and girls will be doing the work of this neighborhood and city or of some other part of our country.

But not too soon. Not before you have learned a lot more than you know now.

All workers need to learn all they can if they want to do their work well.

Here on the playground you learn things that will help you be good workers when you get through school.

You learn at school and at home, too."

"Well, then, Miss Ball," Susan said, "I guess we are workers right now. Our work is to learn."

"It certainly is," said Miss Ball.

"And work is waiting for all of us."

One afternoon when the children met at the playground, Tom said, "Oh, dear! Five more days until school! Just five more days of vacation! That is all!"

Five more days! And the next day it would be four, then three, then two, then one.

Suddenly all the children knew that they really were glad.

Vacation time is fun, but school is fun, too—when summer is past.

"I am big," called little Peter.

"I can go to school now, can't I, Tom?"

"Not just now," Tom said, "but you will be big enough someday.

Someday soon you will be starting to school, too."

## Back to School

The five days went fast.

The first day of school came, and there on the school grounds were the children.

Tom and Susan and their friends were ready and waiting. Yes, there they were—ready and waiting for the school doors to open.

Toot! Toot, toot, toot!

Down the street came a bus.

“Look!” called Jim.

“Here comes the school bus bringing the country children.

David will be on that bus.”

The big bus slowed down.

Then it came to a stop and the door was opened.



Out jumped the children who lived on farms, and David was first of all.

"Hello, David," called Ellen and Jack.

"Hello, David," called Tom.

"How is the farm?"

I thought maybe you wouldn't be back to school.

I thought maybe you were too busy running the farm to come to school!"

David laughed and said, "Oh, no, Tom. Going to school is my work now.

Someday I'll go to high school, and when I am through high school, I'll go to another school and learn how to run a farm."

"Why, David," said Tom, "can't you learn all about farming at home?"

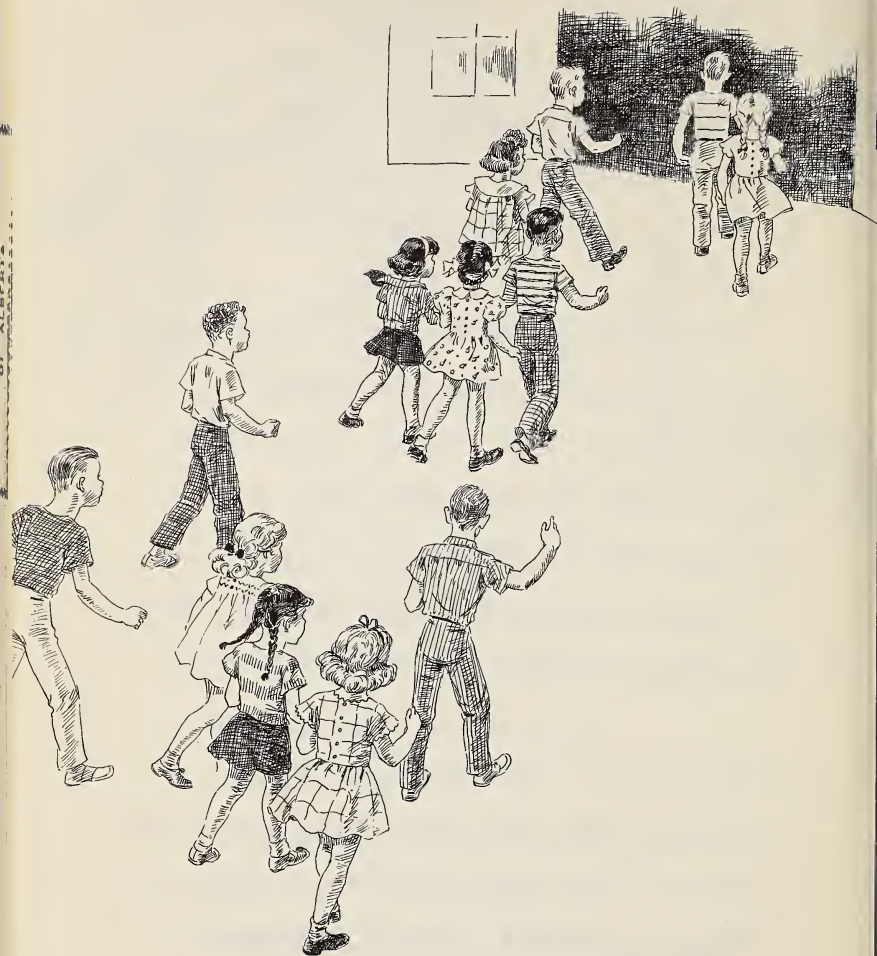
"No, Tom," said David. "My father says there is always something new to learn about farming."

"Maybe so," said Tom. "Maybe that is the way it is with all kinds of work."

Just then a bell began to ring.

"Hoo-ee-ee! Time for school," said John.

And all the other children called,  
"Time for school! Time for school  
to start."



At that very minute the big doors were opened, and into the schoolhouse went the children.

Into Miss Park's room went Tom and David and Joe.

Into Miss Page's room went Susan and Nancy and Jane.

Into their rooms they all went to meet their teachers.

Back in school and ready for work!

Someday they would all grow up.

Some of them would be firemen, and some would be engineers.

Some would be doctors and nurses and teachers and clerks.

But no matter what kind of work they would learn to do, they all would be needed.

## To the Teacher

*Someday Soon* is the fourth social-development book in the *Social Studies Program* of the Curriculum Foundation Series. The understandings and behavior traits emphasized in each unit are listed on pages 246-255.

All the words in *Someday Soon* except the 218 listed below are used in the preceding books of this program, *Tom and Susan*, *Peter's Family* and *Hello, David*. For children who have completed *The New Basic Reading Program* of the Curriculum Foundation Series through *Friends and Neighbors* (2<sup>1</sup>), only the 125 words printed in boldface type in the list below will be new.

## Vocabulary List

UNIT I		protect	telephone	real
5 more	14 right	fire	<b>radio</b>	<b>sir</b>
6 <b>summer</b>	<b>station</b>		24 ready	37 care
<b>vacation</b>	15 gave		<b>counts</b>	38 <b>Sam</b>
7 —	16 <b>fix</b>		clothes	<b>wear</b>
8 would	17 <b>men</b>		25 <b>stairs</b>	hat
kinds	<b>paper</b>		slow	39 <b>cook</b>
9 than	18 wait		second	<b>joke</b>
<b>sooner</b>	19 <b>having</b>		26 <b>still</b>	40 until
move	<b>rest</b>		27 —	own
10 about	<b>should</b>		28 <b>matter</b>	41 —
<b>worker</b>	20 <b>engine</b>		knew	42 <b>earn</b>
their	minute		29 noise	grow
11 if	watch		much	43 <b>box</b>
fireman	21 <b>truck</b>		30 <b>send</b>	pulls
<b>need</b>	<b>hooks</b>		<b>signal</b>	before
12 <b>shoe</b>	<b>ladders</b>		31 <b>few</b>	44 use
<b>does</b>	22 lots		32 got	near
	people		33 —	<b>wires</b>
	stayed		34 —	45 catch
	35 <b>central</b>		35 <b>same</b>	showing
13 <b>firemen</b>			36 Joe	46 burning

47 **these**  
place  
start  
48 best  
49 **police**  
50 Johnny  
by  
51 **left**  
52 **Pat**  
high  
53 —  
54 —

67 —  
68 —  
69 ten  
**loaves**  
70 **oven**  
never  
**moving**  
71 —  
72 answered  
73 **end**  
74 hot  
**certainly**  
getting

75 around  
those

76 **goes**  
77 won't  
78 **bring**  
79 because  
80 —  
81 —  
82 **cherries**  
pick  
pay  
83 **fruit**  
**company**  
**sell**  
84 —  
85 —  
86 each

#### UNIT IV

87 **travel**  
88 **part**  
**conductor**

89 train  
**really**  
**engineer**  
90 **tracks**  
91 **switch**  
92 told  
93 —  
94 —  
95 —  
96 —  
97 —  
98 —  
99 —  
100 —  
101 —

102 late  
ever  
103 —  
104 **Pringle**  
off  
105 **tickets**  
106 **listening**  
I'll  
107 —  
108 —  
109 **baggage**  
110 —  
111 **porter**  
112 —  
113 sit  
114 —  
115 —  
116 —  
117 —  
118 —  
119 —

120 **been**  
121 —  
122 **wonder**  
123 **hotel**  
124 —  
125 —  
126 —  
127 water  
seen  
fishing  
128 **pole**  
129 building  
130 **planes**  
**sent**  
131 **airplane**  
132 **air**  
133 —  
134 **mail**  
135 —  
136 —  
137 —  
138 **seat**  
139 —  
140 hungry  
141 —  
142 **office**  
143 playgrounds  
144 **taxi**  
145 —  
146 **taking**

#### UNIT V

147 **messages**  
148 far  
149 —

#### UNIT III

55 **produce**  
56 **bread**  
**flour**  
**wheat**  
57 bake  
**bakery**  
both  
58 bigger  
better  
59 climb  
floor  
60 **dough**  
61 —  
62 **bakers**  
**mix**  
63 **done**  
easy  
64 **slowly**  
65 **flap**  
66 **suddenly**  
long

150 <b>dare</b>	175 <b>sort</b>	199 —	221 —
151 —	<b>bag</b>	200 <b>rich</b>	222 —
152 afraid	176 —	201 beautiful	223 —
153 —	177 —	202 —	224 —
154 <b>hurt</b>	178 —	203 —	225 —
155 enough	179 —	204 <b>zoo</b>	226 <b>clay</b>
forget	180 <b>church</b>	205 games	227 <b>churches</b>
156 <b>electricity</b>	181 —	206 <b>past</b>	228 —
157 sign	182 —	207 <b>tax</b>	229 <b>railroad</b>
wonderful	183 <b>clerks</b>	<b>taxes</b>	<b>built</b>
158 <b>learning</b>	184 —	208 <b>teachers</b>	230 ground
159 —	185 —	<b>library</b>	
160 —	186 —	209 <b>whisper</b>	<b>UNIT VII</b>
161 —	187 small	210 —	231 —
162 —	188 <b>hope</b>	211 brought	232 through
163 <b>number</b>	189 —	<b>card</b>	233 <b>doctor</b>
164 <b>page</b>	190 —	<b>noon</b>	<b>nurse</b>
165 —	191 tired	212 —	234 —
166 —	John	213 —	235 —
167 —	192 <b>Daddy</b>	214 —	236 —
168 —	193 —	215 —	237 <b>toot</b>
169 —	194 —	216 —	238 —
170 —	195 —	217 —	239 —
171 <b>stamp</b>	196 —	218 —	240 —
172 <b>post</b>	<b>UNIT VI</b>	219 <b>young</b>	241 —
173 —	197 —	220 together	
174 —	198 —		

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO UNDERSTANDINGS AND BEHAVIOR TRAITS

In guiding the social development of children we are concerned with two aspects of growth. On the one hand we must consider desirable patterns of acting and reacting in democratic group living. On the other hand we must give attention to the understandings out of which desirable attitudes and behavior traits grow.

*Someday Soon*<sup>1</sup> and its accompanying guidebook present learning experiences designed to develop in children a realistic awareness of various types of work and workers in a city community. This program encourages children to consider ways in which they can contribute to work at home and in the community, now and in the future. It promotes appreciation of the interrelationship of individuals in family, neighborhood, school and community groups, and guides children in carrying their share of responsibility in such groups.

The stories provide a springboard for discussion, dramatic play, and other learning activities that contribute to significant understandings and behavior traits. Children find it easy to identify themselves with Tom and Susan and the other children in the book who explore parts of the community as naturally interesting to young children as fire stations, airports, round-houses and zoos.

The first unit centers attention on Tom's awakening interest in the kind of work he may do someday. This unit serves as a transition between *Hello, David*, the preceding book in the series, and the units in *Someday Soon* which follow. Subsequent units present in turn workers who protect life and property, workers who produce food, and workers in transportation, communication, and recreation. The concluding unit develops the understanding that children can prepare in school for future work in their own or other communities.

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<sup>1</sup> Other books in this program are *Tom and Susan* (Primer), *Peter's Family*, *Hello, David*, *New Centerville*, and *Cross-Country*, published by Scott, Foresman and Company.

## BASIC UNDERSTANDINGS AND

### UNIT ONE—No More School (pp. 5-12)

An introductory unit linking *Hello, David*, the preceding book, which is a study of a school neighborhood, to this book, *Someday Soon*, which is a study of city community workers and the services for public welfare which communities offer.

Everybody in a city benefits from many different kinds of work performed by many different people.

Adults earn a living by doing various kinds of work. As each child grows up, he will become a worker in his own community or some other community.

Summer vacation is a time for fun, but it can also be a time for learning things about different kinds of work.

### UNIT TWO—Firemen Are Needed (pp. 13-54)

The protection of a community demands a certain sacrifice of comforts and normal living conditions from the men engaged in that work, although there is often some form of compensation for this sacrifice.

Certain workers in any community are needed to protect life and property.

Other workers protect people's health.

Work benefits each worker as well as the whole community. Work gives people a chance to use their abilities and to make a living.

## **RELATED BEHAVIOR TRAITS**

### **No More School (pp. 5-12)—UNIT ONE**

Appreciating the many different kinds of work from which we all benefit.

Comparing the kinds of work which people do, with the idea of eventually deciding what one's own work will be.

Exploring one's own and other communities in order to observe different types of work first-hand.

### **Firemen Are Needed (pp. 13-54)—UNIT TWO**

Coöperating with and showing a friendly attitude toward firemen and policemen.

Coöperating with school and city health programs, as well as with private physicians, nurses, dentists.

Showing an increased interest in the work different people do.

## **BASIC UNDERSTANDINGS AND**

Ways of protecting people and property from fire may differ in different communities.

It is not always possible to put out a fire. As a result every year many lives are lost and much property destroyed.

Firemen must be prepared to rush to a fire at a moment's notice.

A high degree of coöperation is necessary among firemen if they are to be successful in getting to a fire quickly and in putting it out.

Not all the work at a fire station is exciting. Many unexciting tasks must be done to keep the station in order and the equipment in best possible condition.

The men in a fire station must learn to get along well during the long hours of waiting when nothing happens.

There are likely to be advantages and disadvantages on any job.

Some schools have safety patrol leaders who help other children cross streets near the school safely.

### **UNIT THREE—Food for Everyone (pp. 55-86)**

The production of enough food for a closely settled city neighborhood demands complex machinery and skilled workers to run that machinery.

It takes many workers and much careful work to produce the various things for sale in a grocery store.

## **RELATED BEHAVIOR TRAITS**

Finding out exactly what to do in case of fire in one's home, at school or in the community.

Being careful not to start a fire by playing with matches, by using worn electric cords, by leaving oily rags in unaired closets, and so on.

Sensing the value of alertness and speed in an emergency; putting these traits into action when necessary.

Coöperating in an emergency.

Being willing to do unexciting tasks at home and at school and in one's future occupation.

Getting along well together while waiting for something to happen.

Noting the advantages and disadvantages in various jobs, as preparation for future work.

Coöperating with school safety patrol leaders.

### **Food for Everyone (pp. 55-86)—UNIT THREE**

Avoiding waste of food, which represents so much careful work by so many people.

## **BASIC UNDERSTANDINGS AND**

Baked goods may be made at home, or may be bought in grocery stores or bakery shops.

The making of a loaf of bread in a big bakery requires careful measuring and timing.

In any business like a bakery some people are needed to direct the work of others.

It takes a surprising amount of time, money, skill, and effort to produce such things as a loaf of bread or a pound of butter.

### **UNIT FOUR—Going Places (pp. 87-146)**

The constant movement of people and goods from one place to another in this big country demands many kinds of transportation, each with its own type of skilled worker.

People use various kinds of transportation.

It is very important for trains to get places on time.

While the passengers on a train are eating or sleeping or enjoying the view from the observation car, various railroad workers are busy operating the train.

One reason people travel is to see things they can't see at home.

There is no place like home.

## **RELATED BEHAVIOR TRAITS**

Helping parents with the foods made at home, or with marketing.

Preparing food carefully; practicing carefulness in other household tasks.

Doing one's part at home and at school. Learning at times to lead; at other times to follow.

Developing patience and perseverance in learning to do even quite simple things.

### **Going Places (pp. 87-146)—UNIT FOUR**

Practicing safe and courteous behavior on different forms of transportation.

Being on time for school and meals.

Working at times so that others can rest or have fun.

Exploring new things, such as unfamiliar places.

Appreciating one's home.

## **BASIC UNDERSTANDINGS AND**

### **UNIT FIVE—From One to Another (pp. 147-196)**

The field of communication employs complicated machinery and processes which demand workers with skill, inventiveness, and integrity.

Telephone repairmen have special training and special equipment for climbing telephone poles. It is dangerous for other people to climb the poles.

Electricity is a wonderful thing, but if it is not used right, it can be extremely dangerous.

Telephones are a marvelous invention; they can save much time and carry important messages quickly.

No matter how good anything is, it can usually be improved on.

Radio broadcasts need to be timed exactly.

Both radio and television sets can be put to good or bad use.

Workers usually have families to whom they return at the end of each day's work.

### **UNIT SIX—Fun for Everyone (pp. 197-230)**

The coöperative effort of a community planning and participating in recreation has an important place in our society, because community coöperation makes possible for each member opportunities and facilities that no individual by himself could otherwise enjoy.

Park workers are paid to cut the grass, pick up trash, plant flowers, and to do other things to make the park attractive.

## **RELATED BEHAVIOR TRAITS**

### **From One to Another (pp. 147-196)—UNIT FIVE**

Avoiding dangers even when dared to take a risk; taking a stand against foolish suggestions.

Handling electric wires or connections with care.

Showing consideration for the other people using telephones.

Thinking of ways of improving everyday actions.

Timing things exactly when this is helpful.

Using radio or television sets in a way that does not annoy others.

Helping tired mothers and fathers at the end of the day.

### **Fun for Everyone (pp. 197-230)—UNIT SIX**

Helping park workers by putting trash in trash baskets and by not picking the flowers.

## **BASIC UNDERSTANDINGS AND**

People who destroy public property are only destroying what they or their parents have paid for through taxes.

Library books are useful in various ways. Librarians help people find the answers to many questions.

### **UNIT SEVEN—Not Too Soon (pp. 231-241)**

Schooling is necessary equipment for future workers of the community, city, and of the whole country.

For children school is preparation for future work.

## **RELATED BEHAVIOR TRAITS**

Taking good care of library books.

Reading for pleasure and information.

### **Not Too Soon (pp. 231-241)—UNIT SEVEN**

Doing schoolwork well with one's future life-work in mind.

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